

NOVEMBER

1885

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LIII.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON,
PHILADELPHIA.

No. 11.

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FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1885:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSES' TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This consists of a Misses' skirt in its adjustment, which is made by single bust and basque. Both patterns are in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years old. The skirt pattern is No. 562 and costs 30 cents. The basque pattern is No. 561 and costs 25 cents.

In this instance the skirt is made of novelty dress goods and the basque of Jersey cloth. Three rows of wide braid encircle the bottom of the skirt, which is of the round, four-gored style so much admired for all textures. The front-drapery is a deep, full *tablier* that droops almost to the edge of the skirt at the center and is raised very high at each side by five deep plaits, the upper two of which are formed at the belt and turn forward. The careful arrangement of the plaits causes the drapery to fall in handsome festoon folds, which are permanently retained in place by tackings to the front-gore at the center. The back-drapery is very simply draped by deep, downward-turning plaits in its front edges and is oval at the lower edge, falling deepest at the center. The draperies are plainly finished at the edges.

The basque is in double-breasted style, its closing being made in the manner peculiar to the mode with button-holes and very large oxidized buttons. It is close and smooth



FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSES' TOILETTE.

velvet and trimmed with velvet and plumage. darts, narrow under-arm gores, side-back gores, and a curving center seam that terminates at the top of an under-folded double box-plait, the end of the seam being stayed with a crow's-foot worked with silk twist. The fronts widen from the throat nearly to the bust and are then curved in gracefully to the figure, thus imparting a stylish and becoming lap to the double-breasted portion. The collar is of the high standing style, and the coat sleeves fit beautifully. The basque presents a rounding outline in front, is arched prettily over the hips and is deep and square at the back.

Made entirely of plain or mottled corduroy, this toilette would be extremely handsome for street or travelling wear. Velvet, plush and velveteen will be much used for toilettes of this style, and a perfectly plain finish will characterize them. If desired, one or two knife, side or box plaitings may trim the skirt, or braids or contrasting bands may be used. The basque may be trimmed with braid applied in any simple fashion, or it may be piped, bound or machine-stitched, as preferred.

The hat has its brim faced with velvet and plumage.



547

Front View.

547

Back View.

CHILD'S COAT.

No. 547.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 4 years, needs $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide, each with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of silk for sash-ties. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



534

Front View.

534

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 534.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. For a child of 4 years, it needs $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of velvet 20 inches wide for facings, and 2 yards of velvet ribbon for sash-ties. Price, 20 cents.



558

Front View.

569

MISSES' COAT.

No. 569.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 558.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Ottoman cloth is the material represented in this instance, and fur forms the garniture. Any other fashionable wrap material may, however, be made up in this way, with the cape of a con-



558

Back View.

tracting shade or texture. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, will require $10\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



CHILD'S FIRST SHORT CLOAK, WITH CAPE.

No. 557.—This stylish cloak pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 6 months to 4 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 4 years, requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

GIRLS' DRESS.

No. 530.—A beautiful combination of materials—dark-green cloth and pink silk—is here portrayed, with green silk for lining. The mode will very frequently be chosen for making up dancing and other gala dresses. An effective result may be obtained by making the plaited silk portions of velvet and the other parts of silk. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



MISSES' DOUBLE-BREASTED BASQUE.

No. 561.—This dress-body is tastefully developed in cloth in the present instance. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and may be employed for any other material, with any preferred decoration. For a miss of 12 years, it requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 539.—This handsomely devised walking-skirt is here selected for the development of cloth, with the same and satin ribbon for trimming. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and is adapted to a combination of two or more fabrics. For a lady of medium size, it requires $10\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



532

Front View.

LADIES'

No. 532.—These engravings gray Ottoman, with *passementerie* made of silk cords, the with drop ornaments, is upon for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, dium size, it needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards yard 48 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard



532

Back View.

COAT.

represent a jaunty coat of dark-
terrie for decoration. A fancy orna-
lower one of which is decorated
the front. The pattern is in 13 sizes
bust measure. For a lady of me-
of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$
54 inches wide. Price, 30 cents



533

Front View.

FIGURE NO. 2.—GIRLS' COS-
TUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates
Girls' costume No. 529. Woolen
suit goods and silk are artistically
united in this instance. The edges
of the drapery may be bordered
with embroideries or wool laces,
braids in lines or designs, *passe-
menterie* ornaments of silk cord,
or bands of velvet or plush. The
pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from
3 to 9 years of age, and costs 25
cents. To make the costume of
one material for a girl of 8 years,
will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches
wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide.

MISSSES' COSTUME.

No. 533.—Cashmere and Surah are united in this instance, while lace, ribbon and stitching provide the garniture. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and will be chosen for all varieties of seasonable cloths and suitings. Of one material for a miss of 12 years, the costume requires $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



533

Back View.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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Illustrated
Monthly

MAGAZINE

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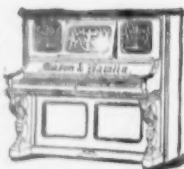
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FINEST

ARCADIA

BEST

VELVETEEN AND WOVEN BROCHÉ

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE says:

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?—The opening of another season brings to the front the much-tongued question of WHAT TO WEAR. In answering this, we cannot do better than call attention to the ever-popular Arcadia Velveteen and Woven Broché, which proved so satisfactory last season, and which, with its new patterns and varieties will, without doubt, take the lead this season. Experience proves this to be both one of the most dressy as well as economical articles of dress goods.



GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK says:

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LIKE
SILK
VELVET.**

**VELVETEEN****FALL
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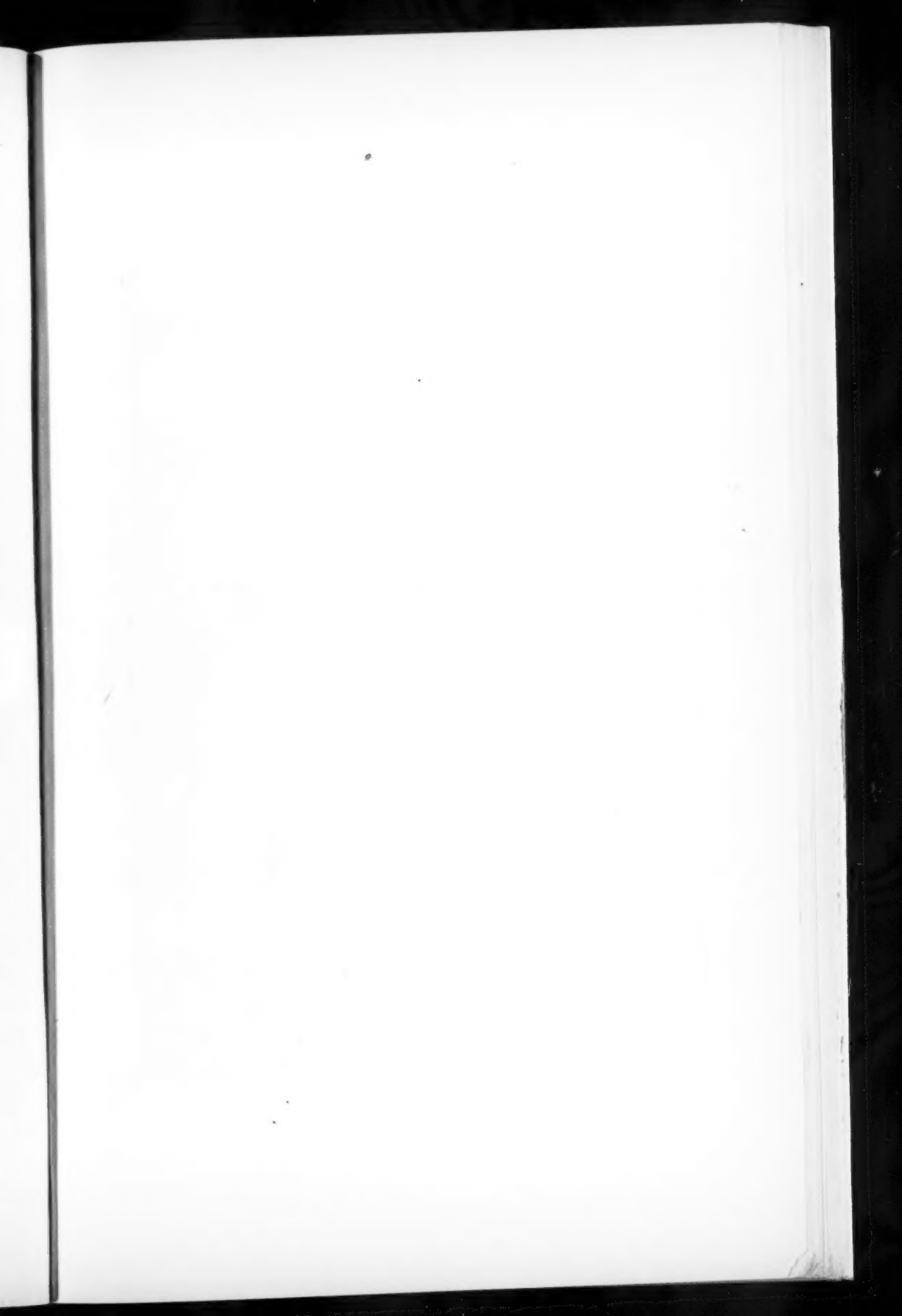
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For the Handkerchief *





DAY DREAMS.

ARTHUR HOME MAGAZINE

VOL. LIII

NOVEMBER, 1886



WILT THOU LONGING?

WILT thou long, wilt thou long,
For the far-off, the far-off,
With the sweetest, the sweetest,
Thine own love, thy own love?

Wilt thou long, wilt thou long,
For the far-off, the far-off,
With the sweetest, the sweetest,
Thine own love, thy own love?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

VOL. LIII.—43.

Nature wears the crown of glory,
Sweetly to her worshiper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

(651)



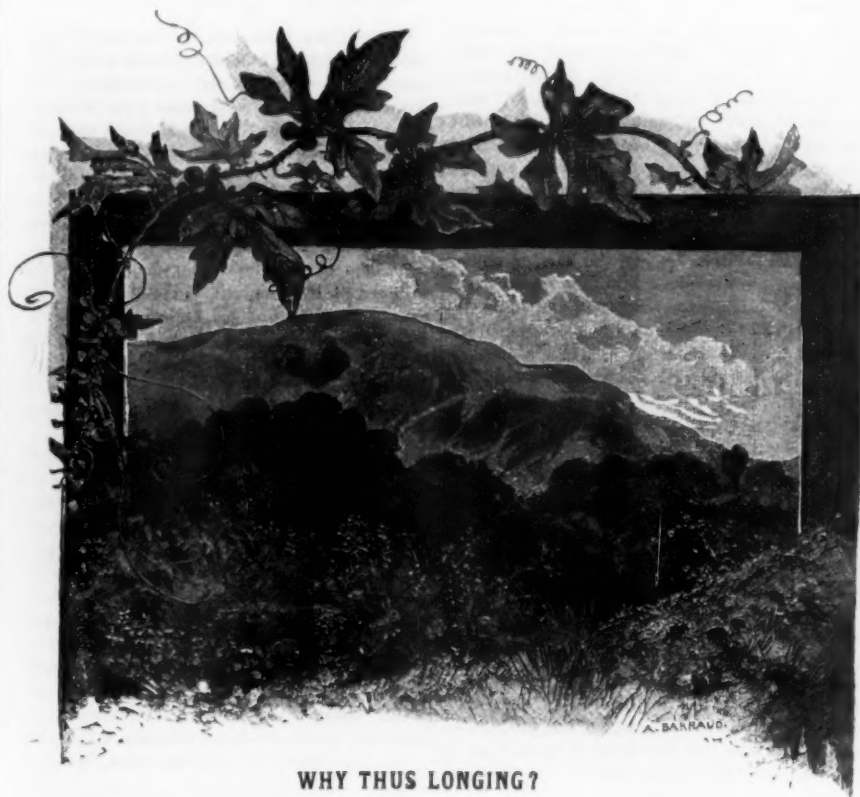
DAY DREAMS.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIII.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

No. 11.



WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful all around thee lying
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

VOL. LIII.—43.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes the fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Nature wears the color of the spirit,
Sweetly to her worshiper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

(651)

THE MEDIÆVAL HOUSEWIFE.

"Two coverchiefs full fine of ground,
I duste swere that they weiged a pound,
The Sonday were upon hire bedde.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet-redde.
Ful strete ytyed and shooful moist and newe
Ywimpled wel and on hire hedde an hat
As brode as is a bokeler or a targe,
And a fote mantel about hire hippes large."

SUCH is the portrait of a housewife which Chaucer gives us in the *Canterbury Tales*. The picture is a picturesque and graceful one, standing in the May sunshine of the long-ago fourteenth century, and compels our attention. In her holiday-dress the housewife of that time does not compare unfavorably with her nineteenth-century sister. At home, in the kitchen or hall, she usually served "in kirtle alone," with the "gentil bochy and middle small," a girdle over her hips with the gypsire, or purse, attached to it, a bunch of keys hanging therefrom, and her hair in a caul of network, or a silken fillet tied round her head.

In the story of the patient Griselda, when the Marquis Walter first sees her, the heroine sits at the door spinning, clad in a simple russet gown, scarlet petticoat, snowy apron and hose, and little wooden shoes. Spinning was an occupation entirely confined to unmarried women and discontinued after marriage, hence the designation of spinster. Afterward we see Griselda in the mansion of the Marquis, a typical matron of her time, engaged in the kitchen overseeing the cooking, concocting dainty dishes for her lord's appetite, brewing the ale, sweeping the halls, and strewing the floor with rushes (they had no carpets in those days, but used sweet-scented grasses and rushes instead), hanging the tapestry, and making the huge "sett beds," with their "counterpoints," "harden sheets," "flock beds," and "pillow-beers."

The housewife of the Middle Ages was a very industrious creature. From the nature of things, she was forced to be so. The whole process of making cloth was in the hands of the mistress of the house. She had her band of attendants, or "chambrieres," who carded and combed the wool, beat the flax, and washed the garments. They sheared the sheep with their own hands, plied the distaff and needle, and occupied themselves in weaving and spinning thread. Every household had its loom and spinning-wheel. In all the illuminated manuscripts which illustrate the domestic life of the Middle Ages, we are shown "The Lady Spinning," "The Lady Carding Wool," "The Lady at the Loom," "The Lady at the Embroidery-Frame."

A writer of the twelfth century describes an English mansion in which the room of the ladies

was lined with linen warp, woof, and with all the implements used in making linen and woollen stuffs. Every morning the lady and her maidens could be found at work in this room. In a French ballad of about the same period the author refers to the industry of housewives in the following complimentary manner:

"Much oughten women to be held deare,
By her is every body clothed.
Well knowe I that woman spins and manufactures
The clothes with which we dress and cover ourselves,
And gold tissues and cloth of silk;
And therefore say I, wherever I may be,
To all those who shall hear this story,
That they say no ill of womankind."

The old-time housewife had but few of the advantages which the humblest possess to-day. Her surroundings were rude and inconvenient. Magnificence there was, with some rude attempt at taste; but of comfort there was little, and, being unknown, it was unmissed. Very few houses had windows—only loopholes to look from—and chimneys were rare. Usually the fire was placed in an iron grate in the centre of the room, the smoke escaping at the open, blackened roof.

Readers of *Ivanhoe* will remember the bed-chamber of Rowena, the walls of which apartment were so ill-finished and so full of crevices that "the rich hangings shook in the night blast, and, in despite of a sort of screen intended to protect them from the wind, the flame of the torches streamed sideways into the air, like the unfurled pennon of a chieftain."

The kitchens of Griselda and of the good wife of Bath were gloomy, cheerless affairs, the roofs dingy with smoke, and the floor often of stone. Here sat the dining-table, literally a board of boards. At meals, the guests were seated before the table was laid, with their hands carefully washed, as forks were not known and fingers had to be freely used. Traveling minstrels would often come in during the meal, and were well supplied with food and drink for the songs they sung and the stories they told.

Our forefathers enjoyed good living, and so, perforce, the mediæval housewife was a fair sort of cook. She knew, like Chaucer's cook, how

"To boile the chikenes and the marrie bones;
And Poudre marchant, tart and garling ale.
Wel conde she knowe a draught of London ale,
She coude roste, and seethe, and broil, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bak a pie!"

Although the mode of cooking did not vary much from our own, the dishes were somewhat different. "I have no penny," says Piers, the Ploughman, in lines which give us a picture of the larder of the day, "pullets for to buy, nor neither geese nor pigs, but two green cheeses, a few curds and cream, and an oaten cake, and two

loaves of beans and bran baked for my children. I have no salt bacon, nor no cooked meat collops for to make, but I have parsley and leeks and many cabbage plants, and eke a cow and a calf, and by this I hope to live till I have harvest in my croft."

We find such terms used as *furmenty*, a food made of boiled wheat seasoned with honey and spices, broth of pork and onions, chet loaves and manchets, fricondes or custard, frythour or tart, white soup made of almonds and rabbit, and subtleties, ornamental dishes representing castles, ships, human beings, as the taste of the cook dictated. The stork, the bustard, and the crane were then admitted to the table. Oaten and barley bread was eaten to a great extent, and also bread made of the grain called *mystellon*, a term in use at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and applied to a mixture of wheat and rye. On fast days, salt salmon, salted eels, whittings, gurnet, plaice, and flounders were the chief articles of food. Apples and pears were the only fruits eaten, and they were usually reserved for Lent. The quantity of spices used was very considerable, but they were employed to give flavor to the beer, which was brewed without hops.

Of vegetables little mention is made. Neither Indian corn nor potatoes nor squash nor carrot nor turnips found a place on the mediæval table: none of these vegetables were known till after the beginning of the sixteenth century. Even as late as the reign of Henry VIII, Queen Catherine was obliged to send to the Netherlands for salad to supply her table.

The general accomplishments of the housewife were music and embroidery. Hawking was a favorite outdoor accomplishment with the high-born. Mounted on her richly caparisoned steed, the stately dame would go forth in pursuit of the game, her hawk or merlin on her wrist. In her bower chamber, surrounded by her women, she would work at tapestry, and while she listened to tales of chivalry, would reproduce them with the needle to drape the bare walls of the castle. The harp, the dance, chess, and the garden were the other amusements of the day.

The housewife of the old time was also physician and surgeon to the household and all around. She dressed the wounds and administered simples carefully collected and compounded by herself. It was the women always who performed surgical operations upon knights wounded in battle, or who tended the sick man in his chamber. In the story of *Aucassin and Nicolette*, a pastoral novel of the thirteenth century, the hero, Aucassin, dislocates his shoulder, and the fair heroine takes him into the house and manipulates the disabled member with her own white hands. Elie de St. Giles, in the romance of that name, is grievously wounded in battle, when the fair Rosamonde

nurses him in her chamber, taking fresh herbs from her coffer, and spreading cunning plasters and applying them to the knight's wounds.

Such was the housewife of the Middle Ages. In industry, skill, art of cooking, and in her multiplicity of duties she fell not a whit behind the housekeeper of to-day. In the comforts, the luxuries, and the amenities of life she was but a barbarian. Who of you would wish to change places with her?

H. MARIA GEORGE.

THE ANGEL-BARQUE.

CLOUD of the rosy summer,
Floating afar from the west,
Art thou the barque of an angel
Nearing the haven of rest?
Bearest thou in thy bosom
Afar from the isles of sin,
The form of a fair child-angel,
A lily bud gathered in?

It must be so, for, gleaming
Awhile like a shaft of light,
I saw the flutter of dove-wings—
The folds of a robe of white.
I paused, until the beatings
Of my heart were loud and clear,
For the full notes of the music
Whose cadence but reach us here.

In vain, I heard the music
Of winds that swept along,
I was too far from heaven
To hear the angels' song.
And in the long, long distance
The lute tones melted away,
Like the wreath of glowing amber
That dies on the brow of day.

Cloud of the rosy summer,
Floating afar from the west,
Bear gently thy tiny burden
Into the haven of rest.
Then let the harps of the angels
Murmur another strain
For the child whose dear heart music
Shall never grow still again.

Far over the waves of distance
The white barque floated away,
Bearing the pure child-angel
To the radiant gates of Day.
I thought of a circle broken,
And a fresh clay mound below,
Then of the dove wings gleaming
'Mid the sails of the barque of snow.

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

FEMALE HEADGEAR.

MEDIÆVAL.

ACCORDING to Pope, the toilet is a complete religion, having an altar, a priestess, and an object of adoration, sacred rites, votive offerings, and attendant sprites. It behooves us, therefore, to approach these mysteries with caution,



I.—THE CHIN-CLOTH.

lest we fall into the error of the Epicurean poet, who, rashly opening the door of a Roman boudoir, beheld the priestess bald and wigless.

That fine feathers make fine birds would seem an axiom in this religion, and its devotees do not appear to be particular



II.—TWELFTH CENTURY.

Sometimes, as Poppæa, they produced the same effect by wearing hair powdered with gold-dust. A bust is said to exist of the wife of Lucius Verus from which the peruke was made to take off, its

use being, it is supposed, to try the effect of her headdresses. It must have been in frequent requisition if she was as great a devotee of fashion as the wife of Marcus Aurelius, who is said to have had three hundred headdresses in the space of nineteen years.

Under the Carolingians, women wore a circlet, and the hair, being parted in the middle of the forehead, was rendered wavy over the temples and allowed to fall, like a mane, as low as their waists. This



III.—"BOSSES LIKE HORNED BEASTS."

style prevailed even in the eleventh century, for William the Norman, furious at being rejected by Matilda of Flanders, seized the scornful damsel by her long hair, dragged her about the room, beat her well, and finally threw her on the ground. During the twelfth century women of rank twisted or plaited their hair into two long tresses, which descended to their hips. Sometimes they twisted these twin tresses together by means of narrow ribbons, which passed first round one tress, then round both, and next round the other, and so on (II). Toward 1225, the mentonnière, or chin cloth, was almost universally worn (I).

A rather curious arrangement of the hair came into vogue in 1330. The hair was parted in the middle, two very short locks being made to curve out on either side of the forehead; the two hind plaits were then crossed and brought under the ears up the sides of the face, being fastened among the hair, which hung loosely on the sides of the head. In 1340 the two plaits were carried up the sides of the face, having between them and the cheeks a long piece of straight hair cut squarely to the length of the plaits. This fashion produced a very stiff and ugly result, and the next was little better. The front and back hair having been divided into two tresses, the skull was covered with a coif and the front tresses each carried under the ears and made into two large rolls, while the back hair was brought forward over the border of the coif. The result was to produce two great bosses of hair, resembling short horns, on either side of the head (III). An English Royal MS., of the date of 1335, says: "What shall we say of ladies when they come to festivals? They look at each others' heads, and carry bosses like horned beasts. If any one be without she is an object of scandal."

In taste the French women were certainly then as superior to the English and the Germans as they were inferior to the Italian women, who, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, dis-

arrangement—a coif or a chaplet of flowers, one meets with little more (iv).

In the fifteenth century Italy was the home of light and liberty. The English Parliament had



VI.—FIFTEENTH CENTURY, ENGLISH. VII.—FIFTEENTH CENTURY, GERMAN. VIII.—A STEEPLE. IX.—THE TRIPLE-HORNED HENNIN. X.—THE LAST OF THE HENNIN. XI.—THE TURBAN. XII.—THE GERMAN ROUNDLET. XIII.—TEMP. MABUSE.

played this quality in their headdresses to a very unusual degree. The modes prevalent in Italy were simple and depended chiefly on elegance in shown itself still more tyrannical than our ill-starred Richard II, who began by hanging one thousand three hundred of his subjects. The

moral ugliness of the English ruling classes manifests itself throughout the fifteenth century in their dress. Anne of Bohemia, Richard's first wife, is credited with bringing into England some of the ugly fashions which now prevailed. On her first appearance in London she is described



IV.—AFTER PIERRO DELLA FRANCESCA.

as wearing the horned tire, in fashion then in Bohemia and Hungary, and as it is spoken of as "the moony tire," it was probably the headdress Planché gives as characteristic of the times of Henry V. In 1492 Richard and his Queen paid a visit to the City. As the procession of the latter passed over London Bridge an untoward accident happened to some of her ladies at which the crowd were so rude as to laugh. Arrayed in these moony tires, they sat in wagons painted scarlet, and the press was so great that one of the wagons was overturned, the ladies being pitched into the mud. Of course, their tires came off and exposed their hair, a fact that must have overwhelmed them with shame, as fashion decreed that not a single lock should be visible.

In the previous year the heart, or mitre-shaped headdress (vii), had been introduced into France, and after a time became fashionable in England. In the former country it eventually took such enormous proportions that the wearer could not enter ordinary doors. They were worn in such a manner that the hair was entirely hidden. This fashion is attributed to Isabella of Bavaria, married in 1385 to Charles VI of France, and to have arisen from her having some illness in which she lost her hair, upon which the ladies of her court immediately shaved their heads, and it was not until 1450 that fashion again permitted a woman to show her hair.

In England and France the steep headdress came into vogue and rapidly rose to a most prodigious height. The long extinguisser was made in one piece and the frontlet in another, as may be seen in a German picture, where a woman wearing such a headdress has been knocked down by a beggar and the two portions have fallen apart. It was covered with some rich material and had a very long veil, which hung like a streamer from the top to the hips. The citizens' wives in Paris wore them from two to two feet and a half in height, the nobility much higher and with still more ample veils. Toward 1430 another veil was

added, which completely covered the face, and which, it appears, was frequently sent to the wash and carefully gossified. A preacher of the day likened a woman wearing one among a group of men to a tall cedar in the midst of small bushes. A framework of brass was necessary to sustain this erection. Another form was that of a triple horn, each of the branches being of worked metal, and the whole supporting a most voluminous veil (ix). The more extreme forms, however, were only used for dress. In ordinary life shorter ones were worn without veils—Margaret of Anjou is thus depicted. These various modes of the tall headdress lasted from 1395 until 1470. Never was anything invented more useless; it could not shelter its wearer from wind, rain, nor sun. Some attempt was made by a stiff circular veil to protect the face against the sun, as shown in the last form of these *hennins*, depicted in our illustration (x).

Far from expressing the pure joy of their wearers' hearts, the *hennins* inflicted on them a new form of suffering as well as a new form of ugliness. Under their sway every hair had to be hidden, and those unfortunates who had not abnormally high foreheads were compelled to depilate by force; for a great, bald, bullet-formed forehead was considered the height of beauty. To such an extent was this meaningless, simpering, wax-like style of beauty the fashion that, to avoid the appearance of wrinkles, the flesh was tightly drawn up under these *hennins*. Charles VI was the true representative of his time; feudal France had become idiotic. And no sooner had he breathed his last than it became the turn of feudal England to dance the Dance of Death. Softening of the brain now attacked the conquerors of France, and for nearly forty years they, too, had a king in harmony with the state of their minds. All the headdresses of the time jostle each other, revealing absolute anarchy in taste.

The turban now was worn by both men and women, but especially by the latter in all classes. It was made of some light material, and was at times enormous; others not so great were surmounted with ornaments, and had a jewel over the forehead; others were ornamented with sprigs of jeweled leaves (xi). Sometimes they were mere roundlets, and then the blonde hair of the wearer is visible at the crown and by the back tresses. We quote an example (xii).

Italian women, in previous costumes quite conspicuous for good taste and simple headdressing, show all the signs of the universal decadence. They were certainly among those in which the prophet of Italy read the ruin of Christendom and the impending judgment of Florence. Everybody who has read *Romola* remembers poor Monna Brigida's discomfiture when Savonarola's white-robed boys ran her down and compelled her to throw her false ringlets and "her beloved crimson-velvet

beretta, with all its unsurpassed embroidery of seed-pearls," into their basket, to be added to the great holocaust of vanities by which the prophet hoped to arrest the fall of Florentine faith and liberty. But it was too late. Mediæval Christendom was sick unto death.

THE VILLAGE WELL.

IT was as pretty a village as any one could wish to see, with its picturesque cottages and trim gardens, the river winding in and out amongst them, reflecting their ruddy roofs and pointed gables in its placid waters; but the crown and glory of the whole was the village well, which stood in the centre of the green; for was it not noted in the county guide-book, and during the summer months did not strangers come from far and near to admire its Gothic canopy, and had it not figured in many a sketch and painting of the surrounding scene?

The afternoon was hot and sultry; not a breath of air stirred the boughs of the old elm trees under which the cows, knee-deep in the stream, were lazily switching their tails to keep at a distance the flies, whom alone the heat had seemed to endue with redoubled energy; the occasional crow of a cock, or the bleating of a sheep in a neighboring field, alone broke the stillness. All spoke of peace, and yet, to those who had ears to hear, a grating, grumbling sound proceeded from the mouth of the well.

"Up and down, down and up, all the day long; did ever any one lead such a life?" groaned the bucket. "The oftener one goes, the deeper the water seems to be."

"Round and round, jerked and twisted and twirled, who would be the chain to let you down?" creaked the latter.

"Or me?" squeaked the windlass, "with my arms nearly torn from their sockets by every man, woman, and child who chooses to lay hold of me. I wonder what it is all for, when there is water in abundance in the river."

"Ay, that is just what it is," resumed the second speaker. "If I could see the result of my labors I should not so much mind; but as soon as I have wound you up, the water is carried off, and I behold it no more, nor the use it is put to. It is very disappointing."

"But think of my case," retorted the bucket. "I neither make any impression on the well, for it is as deep as ever, nor do I remain full myself, for even that which I have gathered with such pains I must give away to others, and that without a word of thanks. On the contrary, do they not often grumble that I do not hold more, or that I am so heavy to draw, the well being deep, as if that were my fault!"

"Thankless maybe, but not useless," sounded in silvery accents from the imprisoned waters. "Have I not soared up to the heavens, and descended to the lowermost parts of the earth, and do I not know from the depths of my own knowledge that you are the means of carrying life to thousands?"

A sudden rush and shout and whoop interrupted the speakers, as the doors of a building close by were thrown open, and a troop of merry children rushed out on the green, which was soon alive with the sound of bat and ball and other rural games.

Shortly afterward a middle-aged couple left the school-house, and turning toward the well, seated themselves on its steps watching the children at their play.

"It is weary work, Annie," said the man, as he leant his head against one of the pillars, "weary and disappointing. One seems to know so little, teach so little, and to make so little impression. The children go out in the world so early, one sees no result for all one's trouble; and they forget so soon—one hears of them so seldom in after life."

"True," replied his companion; "a work never ending, always beginning. Like this bucket, we dip ourselves into the well of knowledge but to pour our gathered treasures out for others, and they turn from us down the varied paths of life, and we know not how the precious gift we have intrusted to them is employed. But it is something to be allowed even to arm them for the battle. Knowledge is power, if springing from the Source of all; while apart from God it is even as yonder river—polluted, contaminated by the things of earth, a giver of death instead of life. Is it not written, 'All my fresh springs shall be in Thee'? With God alone is the well of life. Let us, dearest, take heed ever to draw deeply from it ourselves, and lead others to do so; and in watering others we too shall be strengthened and refreshed, till in God's own good time, in the light of His eternal day, we shall see and know the light which He permitted us to throw on the paths of others."

If anything in the world demands serious treatment, it is wrong-doing in all its forms; and he who speaks of it with levity or indifference strikes a blow at the very foundations of morality and human welfare. Let us rather encourage in the heart of youth the utmost reverence for character, the deepest love of truth, purity, and justice, and the firm conviction that only as they cling to principles of honor and self-command, and follow their highest ideal of the good and the true, can their lives become rich, valuable, and happy.

ESTHER THE QUEEN.

THE King Ahasuerus sat on the throne of the Medes and Persians, and from his royal mouth went forth the gracious promise of a feast to all his princes and his servants.

The palace of Shushan rose, a glittering pile of marble in the eastern sunlight; rich curtains of white and green and blue swung by cords of fine linen and purple to rings and pillars of marble and porphyry, and the floor of red and blue, intermingled with the more sombre coloring of black and white marble, was strewn with divans of gold and silver, and the dishes set before the guests were of the same precious metal. Long sprays of roses and lilies mingled their perfume with the cloud of incense that arose from the flaming censers, and myrtle and orange and pomegranate trees stood thickly grouped and ranged around the painted walls.

Then arose the dark-browed Ahasuerus and spoke his will. The Queen, the beautiful, arrogant Vashti, should complete his triumph, and before his lords and subjects could unveil the splendor of her lovely eyes and beam upon them, with her regal presence.

But the Queen was haughty as well as fair, and refused to obey the commands of her lord and master.

Then the beautiful old story tells us "that the King was very wrath and his anger burned within him," and he took counsel of his princes how this revolt against his authority should be punished, for many a powerful noble in that brilliant assembly thought with misgiving of what might be the effect of this open defiance of the Queen on their own domestic arrangements, and clamored, "This deed of the Queen shall come abroad unto all women, so that they shall despise their husbands in their eyes when it shall be reported."

But their hearts were lightened when the King spoke his decree that no more should Vashti remain his Queen, and that her royal place should be given unto another who was "better than she."

Then the officers of the King searched far and wide throughout their provinces for the young and fair whom they judged would please their royal master, and light-haired, blue-eyed beauties from the mountains and dusky hours from the valleys came trooping to the city of the King, and among those of the city itself was a little orphan girl with soft and dreamy eyes and rippled hair of darkest brown. A daughter of the despised race of Judah, she was forbidden by her uncle Mordecai, the Jew, to speak her nationality.

One by one, in all the array of their gorgeous charms, did this wonderful troop of beauties pass before the King Ahasuerus, but none have found

favor in his eyes but Esther, the Jewess, for her swaying, graceful figure bent before him with a modest dignity that was all her own; the gentle reserve of her soft eyes won his love, and the royal crown was placed upon the head of the beautiful Jewess. But in her high estate she did not forget her people, and Mordecai, her uncle, passed in and out of the palace of the Queen a favored guest, fortune favoring him so far as to disclose a plot against the King's life, and through his efforts the monarch was saved.

Now the King's chief Minister, Haman, the Agagite, was an arrogant man, who knew not how to bear his good fortune, and, with the pride of new-fledged wealth, compelled a cringing subservience from those about him, but Mordecai, the man of "God's chosen people," refused to bow before him, and thus became a thorn in the flesh of the overbearing Minister, and his wrath grew hot against the Jew. In his anger he vowed that not only Mordecai, but all his people, should perish, and a decree was issued to that effect.

Then Esther the Queen, when she heard that the lives of her people hung in the balance, sent a message to Mordecai. "Alas!" she said, "it is death to go into the presence of the King without summons, unless in his mercy he extend his golden sceptre of forgiveness, and I have not been sent for." Then came the grand resolve, couched in these words:

"Go gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day; I also and my maidens will fast likewise, and so will I go unto the King, which is not according to the law, and if I perish, I perish!"

O glorious Hebrew woman of olden time! so strong in thy weakness, so powerful in thy self-abandonment, thy name has become a synonym of sweet womanliness and heroic self-sacrifice.

Need this lesson be lost because it passes down to us laden with the dust of centuries? Never shall that imperial, slender figure fade from the sight of the world; Esther, the Jewess, the Queen of the Medes and Persians, is one of the landmarks in the world's history.

The story is too well known to need more comment, and to those who must have just so many words to convey a meaning, let them turn to the heroic romance of the book of Esther, in that record of divinely appointed events whose sequence has shaped the world's history.

H. S. A.

If we are to treat men as if they were better than they are, we must first of all find out the best things in them, and bring those to the front. Until we do that we are in no condition to judge them correctly, much less to help or to benefit them.



ESTHER THE QUEEN.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

TWILIGHT on the seashore—calm, beautiful twilight—fit hour for the interchange of thought between friends. Mrs. Jerrold and Mrs. Maynard both felt this as they sat in the doorway of the former's cottage home, "talking as only women can talk," Mr. Jerrold laughingly said, as he bade them "good-night" and started off to school-meeting.

Mrs. Jerrold was a dweller by the sea; summer and winter she watched "old ocean" as it stretched away in its majestic beauty and might, and she loved it as one learns to love the nature with which he or she is most intimate. She had seen it tossing great waves in fearful power under the reign of the Storm King, and anon, when the command, "Peace, be still," was spoken, coming, softly murmuring, to meet the kisses of the shore. Through all, the voice of the great Creator spoke to her and made it almost impossible for her to be other than the noble, earnest woman she was—one to whom friends gladly came with their troubles and perplexities, as Mrs. Maynard had come now.

Mrs. Maynard's home was in a pleasant farmhouse miles away among the hills faintly seen to the southwest. It was after the haying and harvesting were all done that she had come down for a short rest and visit by the sea, and so it happened that the two friends sat side by side in the October evening talking of many things which interested them both; but after a time both sat silently listening to the voices of the night and the sound of the waves breaking over the rocks in front of the cottage. Mrs. Jerrold knew by her friend's preoccupied air that something more than usual was in her mind, but she asked no questions, for, so sure was the confidence and friendship between them, she knew if it were anything in which she could help she would hear of it in good time. One by one the stars took their places in the heavens as if in answer to some call unheard by the dull ear of mortals. The night-breeze rustled the stiff branches of the rock-lily, growing just beyond the steps, and its large, snowy blossoms shone out as if in rivalry of the stars above.

"What a pity," thought Mrs. Jerrold, as she looked at them, "that they do not open in the day-time when the passers-by could enjoy their loveliness more;" then, just as her mind was wandering off in reverie on the many hidden beauties and blessings of life, Mrs. Maynard roused herself with a half sigh, saying:

"Excuse me for being silent so long, but I was thinking." Then, as if she must speak, she asked suddenly: "Did you hear of the company we had at the farm last month?"

"No," said Mrs. Jerrold, "who was it?—pleasant company. I hope."

"It was Mr. and Mrs. Joyner. You can judge for yourself how pleasant it was."

"Mr. and Mrs. Joyner!" echoed Mrs. Jerrold, the surprise she felt showing in every tone, for the name of these people had reached her from their city home, and, from what she had heard, she knew they were not such as her friend would like to welcome to her home. "Why, I did not know you were acquainted with them. How came they to visit you? Did you invite them?"

"Oh! no," was the reply. "I never met either of them but once before, and then but for a minute, but Robert, my nephew, you remember, who lives with us now, had met them and had said, in his careless way, 'Come out and see us some time,' and thus gave them just the chance they wanted to stay in the country without the expense of a board-bill; so they came—and they stayed two weeks."

Mrs. Maynard's voice was so plaintive as she said this that her friend laughed softly, but she drew her hand within her own and said:

"Tell me all about it. I will help you if I can."

"I know you will, dear Mrs. Jerrold; 'you always help me when I come to you,' was Mrs. Maynard's answer, and then she went on:

"It was a dreadful two weeks to me, and I could hardly treat them politely; it was right in the midst of our hard work, too, and I had no girl to help me, so entertaining agreeable company for that length of time could hardly have been pleasant, but this—you have heard of Mrs. Joyner as being frivolous and silly, but, until you meet her, you cannot know how little there is of her that is womanly and pleasant. She seems to have not one thought or opinion on any worthy subject or one aim in life above 'fascinating the men'—this is as she expresses it. Of the nobler aims, the truer womanhood to which all true hearts give homage, she knows nothing, and, for the time being, she seemed to 'fascinate' every man on the farm. This made it very trying for me, and I was glad for every bit of work that kept me out of her company. I know it was not the right way to feel toward a guest, but how could I help it? She did not mind me in the least, but amused herself by pounding on the piano—it was just that, just pounding, no music in it; then she would sing songs such as I never heard before—coarse songs and loud, noisy tunes, which showed me, as nothing else could, how 'heavenly music' can be degraded and dragged down. When tired of this she would lie on the sofa reading trashy, sensational novels, which she brought with her in great numbers. At night, when their work was done, the men would sit and listen to her singing and silly chit-chat, while I, too tired for anything else, would excuse myself and go to my room. You should have seen her flash her great eyes at her admirers!"

"But where was her husband all this time?" interrupted Mrs. Jerrold; "had he no restraining influence over her?"

"I don't think he cared at all," Mrs. Maynard answered. "He seemed to be so used to this sort of thing, and, anyway, she would pay no attention to him while other men were around. Of true love she knows nothing whatever. She is very young and has been very improperly trained. Life seems to have no sacred meaning or uses to her. She seeks to please the men with the arts and wiles at her command, and the fact of her being a married woman has no weight with her. Oh! isn't it strange that men—sensible men, too—will laugh and applaud and so help her on in her vanity and unwomanly conduct? I know there is not one among the men at our place who would like to see his wife or sister behave in this way, yet they would all laugh and talk with her for hours and not seem to tire of it. I was only too glad when at last they proposed to leave, and I could not say, 'Come again.' How could I? It was not simply that I did not like her; I can welcome guests who may not be very agreeable to me personally if their aims and influences are good; but I could not feel this was true of her, and how could I bid her come again? Robert seemed so pleased with her! He is hardly more than a boy yet, and could see no deeper than the pretty, doll-like face and the flashing eyes that so boldly challenged his admiration. After they were gone I said to him that I must break one of my rules, which is never to criticize a guest; for I did not like this woman at all and felt that the long stay had been little less than an insult."

"Why, auntie," he said, "what ails Mrs. Joyner? I noticed you hardly treated her with your usual politeness."

"Everything ails her, it seems to me, Robert; she has no true principles, and I hope never to see her again."

"Pardon me, auntie," he answered to this, "but did you treat her in the right way to help her to be womanly? The women all dislike her and no one tries to help her, and I don't think it is just right."

Mrs. Maynard ceased speaking and sat for many minutes looking out upon the ocean, while her friend waited, not thinking it best to interrupt her thoughts. When she spoke again it was in her old, quiet way, but with deep earnestness:

"His words have followed me ever since and I cannot set them aside. What do you think about it, my friend? Do you think had I done differently I could have awakened one spark of womanhood? It was all so trying to me, so distasteful in every way, I seemed only to think of how I could best endure it, and I fear I acted very selfishly and unwisely. Do you think I could have helped her any?"

"I hardly know what to tell you, Sarah," the friend replied. "I cannot wonder that this visit was very unwelcome to you and that you felt severely tried. It was certainly a gross abuse of your hospitality from first to last, yet, if she is only frivolous and does what she does from want of thought, who knows what you might have done for her? You are much older than she is. Perhaps if you had tried to set her conduct before her in its true light and talked carefully to her, as her mother should have done, but evidently did not do, you might have helped her to see what she is losing and awakened in her a desire for better things. It is true, as Robert said, we women do not always treat our sister-women in the right way to help them to be truer and better. We are too apt to gather our skirts about us and 'pass by on the other side,' when, perhaps, had we gone in a friendly way to the erring one, ours might have been just the hand needed to help her up." Mrs. Jerrold paused a little, but as her friend kept silent, she went on, speaking in the low, sweet voice so pleasant in woman:

"Life is full of perplexing problems, and I sometimes think this is one of them—to know just what we owe to this class of women, and how we are to meet them. In a ladylike way always, I think, for one should never be less than a lady. It is not pleasant to meet women like Mrs. Joyner, and I am not prepared to say that we should seek them out if they do not come in our way, for, under the most favorable circumstances, we are quite likely to have our good offices repulsed and our good intentions misunderstood—yet," as her thought went higher, "did Christ stop to ask what the result would be to Himself when He went about doing good? We should not be presumptuous even in good work, but if the spirit of truth and right leads the way, let us follow without fear, trusting God for the results to be all right. And when they come to us, as Mrs. Joyner did to you, and live under the same roof with us, even for a little time, surely there must be some way in which we can help them to be better women. I think if I were you and this woman came again, I would try and think of her as a misguided, wayward child—she is only that, though married—and deal with her as you would wish another to deal with your daughter if she were making some great mistake. Whatever may be our doubts and perplexities, Sarah, we should try to bear ourselves always as Christian women, and be kindly helpful to all who come within our reach. We cannot welcome all classes to our homes; it is not required of us to do that, and I don't think it is right to say 'come' to any one if we do not mean it. I have no patience with the so-called 'society lies,' but think, even in these little things, we should be true in word and in deed; but when your heart speaks, listen to its impulse—it is the voice of

God. Let us be lenient in our judgment always, and very careful that we do not play the Pharisee. Do you remember what Burns says? I was reading it only to-day:

'Then gently scan your brither man,
Still gentler sister woman;
For they gang a' kennie wrang,
To step aside is human.'

"I don't mean to 'lecture,' my friend, don't think that. I can understand just how you were tried, and fear, had I been in your place, I should have done just as you did, yet, setting aside the fact that these people had no right to force themselves upon you in the way they did, and that you have the right to defend your home, which is your 'castle,' from intruders, even those who come in the guise of guests, I think it was not just the right way to do. You and I are pledged to help each other to see and do our duties, and you will pardon me if I have spoken too plainly."

"Not too plainly, dear Mrs. Jerrold," was the quick reply; "I wanted to know just what you thought about it, or I would not have asked you. I will remember it all and hope to profit by it. Robert shall not tell me again that I have failed in my duty to any one. I am glad he said what he did, or I might not have seen my error and so come to you as I have done. Oh! it is so easy to think noble thoughts here by the solemn sea, but can I live them all out back in my home?"

"Here or there, we have God to help and guide us and He knows it all," was Mrs. Jerrold's low reply.

"Talking yet!" cried the cheery voice of Mr. Jerrold, as he came around the corner of the house at this moment. "What do women find to talk about so much, I wonder."

"Manifold things," answered his wife, brightly; but Mrs. Maynard had fallen into deep thought and they did not disturb her. A little later as she arose to go to her room, she repeated softly, as if unconscious that she spoke aloud:

"I am glad that He knows,
That He sees it all through,
All I ought to have done, and the thing I did do,
And o'er all my mistakes His sweet charity throws,
I am glad that He knows."

"I am glad that He knows
All my wavering trust,
I am glad He remembers we are but dust;
What foes and temptations we have to oppose,
I am glad that He knows,"

then, with a low "good night," she was gone, and husband and wife sat alone listening to the sound of the sea.

EARNEST.

"HOLD FAST, GRIP."

HAD Ruth Dunbar been told when a girl that she would have been content to settle, seemingly for life, in so isolated a place, she would have scouted the idea with her merry laugh and assured the speaker that "they couldn't expect her to believe fairy tales at her time of life."

But so it had come about, and the green fields and blushing orchards of her native village were exchanged for translucent green waves below, and the starry field of the heavens above, her. Brave Dirk Hoadley wooed and won her in the twilight hours spent deliciously at her side, with the odor of the newly mown hay wafted across the lately cut fields, and the song of the whip-poor-will breaking forth from the deep shadows of the forest—wooed and won her, and was married on the very day that brought him his appointment as keeper of the Avon Lighthouse.

Now a lighthouse may convey much or little to those interested in them, and may mean a seclusion almost as severe as that of a cloistered monk or nun; or, on the contrary, may suggest a way of living very little different from that of most other people. But the Avon Light was one of the first, and the young bride drew a deep breath of surprise and timidity as she paused on the sandy beach while her husband pushed from the shore the boat that was to take them to their new home.

A mile or more, straight out to sea, stood a red brick structure, whose white light, rounded at the top, gave it the appearance of an old dame in cap and long red cloak. No land was discernible, save a long, thin line of something—she could not tell what—that gave a hint of foundation more substantial than water. Between it and the shore galloped the waves, like Neptune's horses, tossing their white manes and lashing her in the face.

To the wondering eyes of the little country girl, the unstable path to her new home was crowded with more terrors than even her vivid imagination had conceived possible; and it was with tremulous heart that she trusted herself to the keeping of the strong right arm of her husband.

Dirk, leaning forward and laughing, kissed her tenderly:

"No danger, dear," he said, seating her carefully, "and just think, what a place to pass a honeymoon! How happy we shall be—only our two selves, my Ruth;" for the sea-gull had mated with the inland dove, and the waters held no terrors for fearless Dirk Hoadley.

Safely were they carried over the waters, and Ruth exclaimed with delight as her husband helped her from the boat and led her to their home. Too many brave vessels had sunken upon the Avon reef, and now the Government had placed thereon a beacon that should warn all mariners of the neighborhood.

The reef stretched its length, completely covered at high tide, but showing at the ebb its cruel points and craggy rocks above the water; and on this reef was the prettiest of houses, painted a glowing red, and bound to the rock by great iron stanchions. From the sills of the windows, furnished as they were with garden-boxes, hung vines streaming down almost to the waves, and gay geraniums and nasturtiums were spattered by the salt spray. Within, everything was an exponent of order and cleanliness, and Dirk, as well

the dearly loved shores, that she almost knelt and kissed as they stepped upon them.

Once, on his return from one of his trips to the shore, Dirk brought back with him a little Scotch collie dog, which gave Ruth both occupation and comfort during many otherwise lonely hours.

Grip, for such was his dogship's name, repaid her care by a devotion that nearly approached the human in intelligence and almost put it to shame by its unwavering gratitude. Many a stormy night, when the winds shrieked and howled and



"HOLD FAST, GRIP."

as Ruth, looked around on their new quarters with a satisfied glance.

Above them loomed the tall tower, with its corona of light, sending its glowing rays far out to sea, and carrying with it a message of comfort and assurance to many a fainting heart.

At first Ruth Hoadley missed her freedom, and, in spite of all she could do, forbidden tears would spring to her eyes and overflow, blinding her that she could not see the mainland she loved so well.

Sometimes her husband found her thus, and in his scant hours of leisure they would sail away to

the rolling thunder caused the tower to sway to and fro in the frantic air, would Ruth, overpowered by the grand rage of Nature, hie up the winding iron stairs from the room below, where the angry waters hissed and dashed at the foot of the rocks, as seeking an entrance—swiftly would she and Grip speed up the steps, until they found shelter in the small room under the light, where Dirk kept vigilant watch, and securely they would listen to the battle of the elements, while every now and then storm-driven birds, allured by the brilliant lamp, dashed out of the darkness against the netting that surrounded the fatally enticing light, and, maimed

and broken-winged, breathed out their last breath in plaintive, mournful cries.

After awhile there stole a softer, happier light in Ruth Hoadley's eyes as they fell on the little face in the cradle at her side, and tenderer cares occupied her time, that no longer hung heavily upon her hands.

But to the Scotch collie, Grip, the newcomer appeared a never-ending source of wonderment, and his wise looks, as Ruth, lifting her little son upon her lap, explained to the apparently interested animal the wonderful creature that had come to share his honors, would have been comical had they not been so suggestive.

"Always and everywhere, dear Grip," Ruth's voice went on, "must you watch over and have a care of this dear baby. He is to be the little white lamb out of all the flock that you are to watch over and protect;" and Grip, looking first at the baby, then at Ruth, and back again to the baby, gave a short, satisfied "bow-wow," which said, as plainly as a dog could speak:

"That's enough, mistress; a dog of my understanding need be told no more. That funny wee thing in your lap shall be well looked after, for if you say so I'm sure it'll be all right."

Near two years passed, and Ruth was as happy a little woman as the sun shone upon, going about her daily tasks to the music of a little footstep, and the faithful collie, Grip, at her side.

One day she missed the little Dirk, searching from one corner of their small domain to the other without success, and finally finding Grip asleep in his kennel, yet still no baby. An awful fear seized her heart, and she could hardly bear to look at the cruel rocks and the hungry sea rolling at their feet.

Her husband was away that morning, and in her terror she ran out, calling on his name. Something she could not account for impelled her to look upward, and she remained riveted to the ground, a cold horror freezing every drop of blood in her veins.

There, outlined sharply against the bright sky and leaning over the railing of the lighthouse, was the missing baby. He stretched out his little arms toward her, breaking the spell in which terror had enthralled her. Quickly she turned to Grip.

"Look! look!" she exclaimed; "good dog, good Grip. S't and hold fast, my true dog;" and directing the animal's eye upward, finally succeeded in fixing his attention upon the child playing fearlessly on the very brink of death.

For an instant Grip hesitated, pricking up his ears.

"What is the matter?" he asked himself. "Oh! I see," he winked to himself; "'tis the baby up there; well, it is a pretty high place for a little chap like that. Hold fast? yes, I can do that, so

here goes;" and he was off like a flash and up two or three steps with a bound.

Ruth stood breathless, every nerve strung in agony; she could not have gone so quickly as the agile Grip.

Presently she heard a faint bark. Ah! thank God, the baby turns, and toddles back to the door with a smile on his little face to meet his friend.

She sees Grip emerge breathlessly, grab the child's clothes in his teeth, deliberately throw him on the platform, and sit beside him in patient waiting. Then winged speed was added to her movement, and soon she had her darling safely in her arms.

Dirk Hoadley, returning, called, and called in vain. No wife, no child, no dog. With sinking heart he mounted the winding staircase and found the little child in his mother's arms, laughing and cooing, and Ruth, sitting on the floor of his little watchroom, crying over the baby and Grip as if her heart would break.

HENRY STARK.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

THE casting of oil on troubled waters is so ancient a practice that it has become proverbial; for many years, however, it fell into disuse, owing, doubtless, to the expense involved. With the invention of gas-lighting and the discoveries of petroleum, paraffin, etc., oils of all descriptions fell in price; and certain benefactors to the human race have within the last few years been experimenting with oil to discover to what extent it may be used as a means of saving life at sea. A short time since the Committee of the Royal National Life-boat Institution ordered their district surveyors to make experiments to test the value of oil in calming troubled waters, with a view, should the experiments be satisfactory, of using oil to quell the terrific seas which life-boats have to encounter so frequently.

By the majority of persons the great danger of the sea is considered to be the height to which the waves sometimes rise. But waves are not dangerous from their height unless they break at the top. On the day after a storm, when the wind has fallen, a tremendous swell will often be seen, the waves rising to a considerable height. No danger need be apprehended from waves of this kind, however unpleasant they may be to non-seafaring passengers. But it is when the winds howl and the white sea-horses are seen raising their snowy crests that the sailor knows danger to be at hand. Should any one of those green walls of water crowned with white crash on to the deck of his ship, the results would be terrible. The popular idea seems to be that oil cast on the waves causes them to go down and a calm spot to be formed among the turmoil. This is not the

case; it merely, in certain cases, prevents the waves breaking—in other words, it turns a raging sea into a heavy swell. It will hardly need a knowledge of nautical matters to understand that only in certain cases can ships be brought into the water which has been treated with oil. For instance, if a ship is sailing or steaming with the wind on her beam—say at right angles to the course on which she is steered—by no means yet known can the oil be so distributed as to lie on the water through which she is going. But should the vessel be in great danger from the waves which are breaking around her, the following plan could be pursued: she should be hove to—that is, steered nearly into the wind's eye and kept as stationary as possible. She will then, of course, drift slowly to leeward—that is, in the same direction as the wind. One or more properly perforated bags of oil attached to light lines, should be put overboard to windward. The result will be as follows: the vessel, being more exposed to the wind, will drift more rapidly than the bags, which will be left at some distance to windward, and thus intercept and mollify waves which would otherwise come leaping and foaming toward the ship.

Having, we hope, made the effects of oil on a rough sea clear to the non-nautical reader, we will turn to the Report presented in September last to the Committee of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, by Captain Chetwynd, R. N., Chief Inspector of Life-boats, which shows the results of the experiments carried out by the district inspectors referred to above. One result of these experiments is to show that there is comparatively little difference in the effect produced by the various oils of every-day use, such as colza, linseed, fish, or seal oil, etc. In some cases paraffin was used with much the same results as those given by the other oils. Very small quantities of oil were found sufficient to spread over a considerable expanse of water. The best contrivance for applying the oil appeared to be a canvas bag, either rather loosely sewn together or pierced with small holes to allow the oil to escape. As, to be any protection, the oil must be poured or distributed over the sea, in a direct line from which the seas are advancing and at a sufficient distance to give it time to spread and act upon the waves before they reach the vessel to be protected, it follows that, as regards a life-boat, or indeed any small boat, the oil can only be used when they are in one of two positions—namely, when anchored and lying head to sea and tide, or when running dead before the sea for the shore. In the first of these cases the waves would, of course, approach the bows of the boat, over which, therefore, oil should be poured; or, better still, a bag of oil should be floated some yards in front of the boat, attached by a light

line to the anchor. Either way, the boat being stationary, the oil would spread all round, and afford some protection. In the second case, when the boat is running with the wind and waves, the danger would be lest a wave should follow on so quickly as to break over the stern of the boat and overwhelm her. As a rule, oil poured from the stern of the boat would to a certain extent quiet these following waves and prevent any risk of that kind.

Captain Chetwynd comes to the conclusion that oil would be so rarely needed in a life-boat that he cannot recommend its being supplied to them. Though the oil, in the experiments of the district inspectors, appeared to stop the breaking of such waves as would endanger the safety of a small, open boat, yet, in surf of sufficient magnitude to be of importance to a life-boat, this effect was modified, or sometimes entirely absent. "On more than one occasion"—to quote the words of the Report—"in a moderate surf which the oil was entirely killing, if a larger breaker than the surrounding ones rose, the oil was powerless to check it, and the sea broke through it, covering boat, gear, etc., with oil." The liquid poured on the dangerous part of a heavy surf in shoal water—namely, the break—had little or no effect; nor was the result more satisfactory of several careful experiments made on breakers caused by a heavy ground-swell, and not by wind, on the coast of Cornwall. With regard to oil being used at the mouth of harbors by mechanical means, such as pipes laid under water from the shore, Captain Chetwynd appears to think that any vessel entering a harbor could distribute the oil with an equally good result. The sea, when of any size, would be following the ship in, so that oil poured from her stern or a bag of oil towed a few yards astern, would in most cases prevent the waves breaking over her.

It must be confessed that the experiments carried out by the Royal National Life-boat Institution do not show that oil is of such great value among the breakers as we might have wished. At the same time, it must be remembered that these experiments were only carried out among the near-shore breakers. From the reports of those who have tested its efficacy at sea, Captain Chetwynd gathers that the results are most marked and beneficial, being more certain and less capricious than in surf or breakers. Referring to such reports, he says: "In every case its effect has been so remarkable it seems incredible that its use is not general and an every-day occurrence, more particularly in small vessels, where it could not but add to their comfort as well as safety. As a protection to an open boat in a heavy sea, means of applying it [the oil] should be as much part of the equipment of every ship's boat as oars or a rudder."—*Chambers's Journal*.



"A MEMORY HAUNTED SPOT."

MEMORIES.

I LOOK abroad on sunny hills
That rise from the water's breast;
And their beauty brings delicious thrills,
To this mossy nook of rest;
I sit in an orchard's silent shade,
By the side of a sleeping stream,
As still as if life no ripple had made
For memory's happy dream.

And what is here, that can fitly stir
The voice which has long been mute?
The quick wing'd partridge with noisy whir,
The boughs, low bending with fruit?
Some dainty trick of the wind-swept grass,
The drone of the echoing mill?
Only a murmur that rises to pass;
But it makes my heart stand still.

And the sunshine pales its ruddy light,
And the skies grow dim through tears,
As I picture once more a vision bright
That shone over happier years.
For the heart is never all asleep
While memory holds her reign,
Though it only wakes to wail and weep
At shadows that now are vain.

I dream of a scene of long ago,
In another land than this,
Where flowers exulted, and vines drooped low,
'Neath the sun's more fervent kiss;
And up on a lofty terraced height
Rose a mansion fair and old
(But the vines are sadly tangled now,
And the gray walls green with mold).

Oh! fair was that mansion's mistress then,
And the voice of song was heard,
An echo of innocent, happy glee
That rivaled the singing bird.
Oh! never arose the sun too soon
In those joyous summer days,
Nor too long fell the sheen of the softer moon
On the flowery, terraced ways.

For love—sweet love—had entered in,
And dwelt in her shadowless heart,
Till life grew a precious, holy boon,
In which all things bore a part.
Her love was the truest of stainless knights—
Her faith could never dim—
He was high as stars on cloudless nights,
And she only lived for him.

She was the last of a noble race,
But for him she bloomed anew,
And fresher memories should efface
All sorrow that ever she knew.

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The sky bent down with a soft caress,
The wind had a whispered word;
All things so fondly joined to bless
In the grace of their coming lord.

But the summer time passed swiftly away,
And the knight came never anear,
And the songs that had been so glad, so gay,
Had a tone of bitter fear;
The lady paled, and her outer world
Grew sad with the saddest change,
As she waited, like Marianna,
In her lonely, moated grange.

I loved her well, but she knew it not,
And I watched, as time fled on;
But no new sunshine blessed the spot—
The hope was forever gone.
Alas! alas for the faithless one
Who wrought the woe and blight,
Can ever an after life atone
For such a deed of night?

She faded slowly, as flowers mute
In the chill of a wintry morn,
As songs die out of a broken lute
When its strings are rudely torn;
As sunset clouds fade slow away
When darkness claims the sky—
Even so, in her lonely, helpless love,
Did she droop and fade and die.

I saw the place in after years—
A scene of neglected state,
A monument made up of tears
To the grave of the desolate.
The cold, gray walls told never a word
Of the hopes gone out within,
Never a wandering, bright-winged bird
Sang of sorrow or pain or sin.

But it seemed to me a haunted place,
To be shunned by young and old,
No echo of love, no dream of grace,
Arose from the shadowy mold.
Let it molder on in its dreary age—
A thing to be forgot,
A thick, black blot on a lovely page,
A memory-haunted spot.

WOMEN were designed by their gentle nature
to endear domestic life to man, to make virtue
lovely to children, to spread around them order
and grace, and to give to society its highest polish.
No attainments should be above beings whose end
and aim are to accomplish purposes at once so
refining and so salutary; every means should be
used to invigorate by principle and culture such
native excellence and grace.

A SUMMER IN GREENVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

"**H**ERE'S a letter for ye, Car'line," called Farmer Wood, tossing the delicately superscribed square of cream tint over the orchard bars, where his favorite daughter stood under the bloom-laden apple-boughs watching the shifting beauties of the May sunset, whose rosy light flushed her fair face with a glow more enchanting than that imparted by the heat of the kitchen fire; though this, indeed, might be an open question with the man hungrily waiting the cooking of his dinner.

"It's from Lucy, I reckon," said the father, as Caroline came forward, unfolding the dainty per-fumed sheet withdrawn from the envelope.

"From Lucia, father," corrected the girl, smiling and pointing to the signature with its pretty flourish.

"From Lushy, then," amended Benjamin Wood, with a twinkle of humor drawing the lines at the corners of his deep-set gray eyes. And what does Lushy say, Car'line?"

"**DEAR CAROLYN**" [the reader paused and glanced up to meet a responsive smile over her own recently refined appellation]: "I am nearly at the end of my delightful visit with Marguerite, and I shall be at home on Saturday, I suppose. Do try to make everything as presentable as possible, for I expect to bring Marguerite with me. We live in such horrid homespun fashion, with everything in such mortifying contrast to her own elegant surroundings, that I feel a dreadful sinking of the heart when I think of it, but she has expressed such fervent desire to visit us, that I cannot with decency get off without something more than the vague invitation that never means prompt acceptance. Of course, I should be delighted to have her with us if things were different, but oh! dear!—Do try, Carl, to give the old house and antiquated furnishings an air of refinement and taste if you can—and if you *could* train father and mother—" (Caroline paused, and running her glance down the page began another paragraph.)

"See here, Car'line, that aint fair, ye know," interrupted the listener. "What is it you're a skippin' about yer father an' mother?"

"Nothing of any consequence," the girl answered, with some irritation.

"Oh! I see—you're 'fraid o' hurtin' my feelin's, child. But read it out, Car'line—ho! ho!—jest 's ef I couldn't make 'lowance for Lu—Lushy, eh?"

"Well, this is what she writes," Caroline said, returning to the unfinished sentence.

"If it were only possible to school father and mother to finer manners, and to the use of more

cultivated language, it would be the greatest relief to me. I declare, I just shrink with shame and dread when I think how their ignorance of polite social forms and their terrible mutilation of King's English will surprise and shock my high-bred friends, who have never been accustomed to hearing such language, except among the vulgar classes, to which we do not, of course, belong. But if they choose to judge me by my antecedents, there is no help for it.

"And let me tell you, Carolyn, somebody else is coming to Greenville, too! I have spoken to you so often of Marguerite's cousin, Fred Bayard. I suppose you feel already acquainted with him. He has discovered that there is rich material in our locality for one of the exquisite sketching articles which he contributes to popular magazines, and he has heard of our famous trout streams, by which he proposes to gratify his passion for angling this summer. So he has engaged board for the season at The Poplars. But, of course, he will be at our house a great deal—for—I don't mind telling you, Car, he admires me very much, and I think I understand the secret of his sojourn in prosy old Greenville this summer. I'm not at all sure that I would not prefer him to stay away. But you will help me to bear off the matter as agreeably as possible."

[Here followed a page of suggestions relative to improvements that should be made about the home-quarters before the arrival of guests, and sundry orders were given respecting domestic and culinary affairs, closing with this injunction:]

"Be sure to get Betty Miller or some of those girls to wait on the table. I shall want meals served in courses, and this cannot be agreeably done without trained servants. I will attend to such matters when I come.

"Your affectionate sister,

"LUCIA."

"Well, well!" breathed the gentle, blue-eyed old lady, who had come out of the house, knitting in hand, and, sauntering down the quince-bush row, with its line of humming bee-hives, had stopped at the orchard-bars in time to hear the conclusion of the letter—"well, now, Lucy's goin' to carry things with a high hand, aint she? But we must try an' do as well as we can. Read the letter over, won't you, Car'line?"

Caroline obeyed, again slurring the paragraph reflecting on the dear, kind-hearted old father and mother, who had striven, with self-sacrifices known only to themselves, to give their girls the advantages which their own youth had missed. And this time Farmer Wood did not prompt the rendering of the omitted page, thinking to himself: "Car'line's right. That 'd only worry mother."

"So, now," said the anxious matron, with her

needles clicking faster in the foot of father's blue sock, "we shall have to try to fix up things in a way that won't mortify Lucy."

"Say *Lushey*, mother," corrected Farmer Wood, with the merry twinkle in his eye, as he lifted his sun-browned straw-hat and brushed up the waves of his iron-gray hair. "Well, Car'line, what's goin' to be needed to spruce up the old house for city visitors, eh? Want a set o' plush an' satin furnitshure for the sparè room? an' a lot o' pounded brass an' gimcracks to stick up round the wall? an' a peacock's tail to stand in a jug? an' a litter o' bear-skins an' Turkey mats on the floor, an' some ole faded coverlets to hang up in the doors? Law! as ef we couldn't foller the fashions with the best of 'em!"

"It would be very much like decorating a bird's nest in the apple-boughs with ribbons and tinsels, wouldn't it, father?" Caroline returned, with a smiling glance at the robin's nest over her head, with its quartet of gaping mouths upturned to the faithful old mother just sweeping through the branches with her evening supplies. "Now I don't believe a very extravagant sum will be required to freshen up our furnishings and put them in harmony with the dear old gray house, with which modern adornments would be utterly incongruous. Let us see—" And, taking a pencil from her pocket, she began to figure on the envelope of Lucy's letter, while the father, still leaning on the orchard-bars, watched her with a look of pride and confidence; and the mother, sitting down on the rustic bench beside her, pursued her knitting industriously, with divers suggestions, inquiries, and speculations concerning the matter under consideration.

"Wall, what you make out, Car'line?" questioned Farmer Wood, as the girl suspended calculations.

"Could you favor me with twenty-five dollars, father?" she asked, coming forward and leaning on the bar, tracing with her pencil the outline of the faint, gray lichens that had formed upon the rail.

"Twenty-five dollars!" repeated the father, with an indulgent smile; "reckon there won't be no trouble 'bout that, Car'line. Hev jest sold old Brindle to Jo Green. Declare for't, hated dreadful to part with the kind ole cretur; she most seemed like one o' the family—she was a calf that spring Benny was born, ten year ago—"

"Ten years, father!" ejaculated Mrs. Wood, with feminine precision in dates—"it's fifteen!"

"Do say! Well, well! I wouldn't a thought it. Told Jo she was ten year old. Wouldn't a parted with the good ole cow to anybody but a neighbor so. Milk jest like cream. And such a contented beast. But I got to make room for my Jersey herd—it needs all the paster now. Yes, Car'line, ye can have the money fer what ye want,

an' I'll hitch up and take ye to taown in the mornin'."

"Thank you, father," Caroline answered, simply, patting the arm in its clean shirt-sleeve as she motioned for the withdrawal of the bar which intercepted her passage to the house, whither she repaired at once to plan her work of art in concealing the defects and bringing out the charms of the old home-nest in its thicket of lilacs and roses.

"A blessed, dear, good girl," said Benjamin Wood, looking after her with a glow of pride and affection in his tender gray eyes. "I wish Lucy was like Car'line."

"Wael, now, Lucy's different, but she's good, too, in her way," responded Mrs. Wood, in the mother's tender, extenuating fashion. "I knew well 'nough when we sent the two girls off to boardin'-school that 'd be Lucy who'd take on the polish an' show off the 'complishments; an' as you see, she made friends there that's interduced her into the very best circles, as they say, an' now she's goin' to fetch the cream of society right to our very doors."

"Humph!" ejaculated Farmer Wood. "I hope the cream won't sour on us, mother, but you know we haint got the modern 'pliances for keepin' it sweet. An' Lucy, she's took on so much 'polish,' as ye say, that she's goin' to turn all colors whenever her blunt, old-fashioned father and mother open their mouths to say a word, for fear it'll addle the 'cream' that she brings to our doors—eh? You'll have to mind your p's and q's, mother."

"We-el, wael!" assented the good woman, tacking on the white wool for the toe of her husband's sock—"we must try to talk more correct, Benjamin. Now, re'ely, we'd ought to."

"Better be nateral, mother, jest nateral," counseled Benjamin Wood. "I have an idee that when we undertake to drive four-in-hand in the dictionary we most generally git the cart afore the horse, as the sayin' is."

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK later a morning letter was penned from the rustic table under the great butter-nut which spread its wide arms over the gambrel roof of the gray old farm-house and touched with shade the silver thread of a brook that rippled along its stony bed beyond the green slope of the south yard.

The writer, a young lady of the purest blonde type, with a delightful sense of freedom from observation, had pulled the pins from her coronet of yellow hair, which had tumbled in shining waves over her pale-blue gown; and, intoxicated by such a draught of liberty in the open air, she had supplemented this deliciously free proceeding by a

toes of French slippers and embroidered hose under the table, and was sitting in childish ecstasy of enjoyment with her white feet buried in the dewy grass.

Between long-drawn, rapturous breaths and pauses to catch the rippling song of the bobolink dropping in a silvery rain of music through the air, the following words, in free, flowing hand, ran upon the scattered pages of note drawn from Miss Marguerite Milton's prettily decorated blotter.

"DEAR FRED:—I promised to write you about it, didn't I? Behold me seated in the rustic chair of the sylvan divinity who presides in this shady nook between intervals of housework, and who is this minute employed in the concoction of some delectable *morceau* for dinner, I am certain, from the luscious ripple of egg-beating that floats through the open pantry-window, screened by the exquisite blue and pink of morning-glories, through which I catch glimpses now and then of a bare, white arm, with a contour that would ravish the eye of a sculptor.

"I am simply delighted with Greenville. As we steam into the station between lines of heavily wooded hills, the outlook at nightfall is, perhaps, a little forbidding, but the carriage-roads from this point are charming in scenery views. Gazing and gazing, as we drove toward the sunset, I quite forgot the at first excruciating jolt and jar of the vehicle which friend Wood calls 'the democrat waggin'.' And, by the by, I am neglecting to introduce friend Wood to you.

"As we sprang to the depot platform on the night of our arrival, a rich, mellow voice called from the front:

"Hello, Lushy! Here you be, hey; company and all! ho, ho! Wall, I'm on hand with the democrat waggin' to take ye, bag and baggage.'

"And we stepped forward to meet a great, genial, round-faced, smooth-shaven, benevolent-looking man, in broad-brimmed, palm-leaf hat, wide, baggy trousers, and clean linen coat of very generous amplitude. Lucia, who did not appear at all delighted to see the cordial old gentleman, had barely time to present him as her father before my hand was seized in a warm, friendly, hospitable grasp that tingles to my heart's core yet.

"Glad to see ye! glad, powerful glad to have ye at our house, little girl,' he declared, with a smile that lit up his broad, brown, genial face like a burst of sunshine, and really I could have put my arms about his neck and kissed him for his daughter, so thoroughly and delightfully genuine and honest and lovely he seemed to me.

"So we were presently packed in the 'democrat' wagon—'bag and baggage,' you know—and we went trundling off over the stony road behind the span of high-spirited grays, of which mine

host is evidently, and justly, proud. Upon one side of the way, for a mile or so, rises a precipitous wooded height, and on the other hand flows a winding stream in a deep, rocky channel fringed with alders, which are here and there reflected with the sky in a still, clear pool, where the water stops for a placid dream. Then the road runs out through cultivated fields and along the edge of a cool, fern-bordered hickory-grove, hedged in by a gray stone wall set with exquisite mosaics of moss and lichens and affording a beautiful stage for high comedy to the gay company of squirrels and chipmunks that flash and chatter from tree to wall, the whole forming an enchanting picture that would delight the pencil of William Hamilton Gibson.

"Just at sunset we rumbled up to the wide open gate of this charming, old, dun-colored farm-house, with gambrel roof and dormer-windows, overshadowed by the drooping branches of a majestic elm standing guard at the front, and alighting, we ran up the stone walk between two rows of lilac-trees, and entered a little, Gothic-roofed porch, with latticed sides and prim, narrow seats on either hand that looked as if built as *tête-à-têtes* for two pairs of mooning lovers.

"Here we were cordially welcomed by a young lady in quaint, old-time costume, designed, as one could see, with an artist's sense of harmony, to correspond with surroundings that are everywhere simple and old-fashioned. This—if she will allow me to present her—is Lucia's sister Caroline, also a former pupil of Madame Le Brun, a lovely, dark-eyed girl, with a crumpled rose-leaf of a mouth, whose lines express wonderful firmness and strength of character, and if I were a man I would never be happy until I had persuaded her to share with me one of those *tête-à-têtes* in the moonlit porch.

"Speaking of moonlight and lovers, *et cetera*, I find that Lucia has an ardent admirer in the person of the new-fledged village M. D., who has lost no time in renewing suit since her return the other day. This by way of suggestion, young man. True, no doubt, that she admires you very much—but the race is to the swift and strong, and you are a loiterer in love, Cousin Fred.

"Well, let's see—I had arrived at the porch, hadn't I? And the father, who had summoned a hand to dispose of our baggage, was calling cheerfully to the house:

"Don't wait supper for me, Car'line! I'll just slip on my overalls an' run up an' finish milkin' the caows. It's gittin' late.'

"And 'Car'line' responded, in that exquisitely modulated voice of hers:

"Nay, come right in, father—I have finished the milking'

"Think of that! And the lovely milkmaid receiving us with the gracious dignity and sweet-

ness and ease of a born princess, and doing the honors of her humble house as if it were a palace descended with all its belongings from an illustrious line of kings. Such an air, I assure you, would glorify a cabin in the wilderness, and make you feel as if you were being treated by principalities and powers.

"But the house into which I was led by this radiant spirit of hospitality is positively charming. There is scarcely a modern thing in it, but all is arranged with a regard to comfort and with an artist's eye to harmony in every detail. To be sure, I stumbled a bit on the Jacob's ladder of narrow, crooked steps rambling up to the quarters assigned to my private use, but I made up for it by an exclamation of delight, as I entered the dear, white swallow's nest under the eaves, with its dormer window framed in climbing rose sprays, and its air fragrant with wild flowers on the dressing table, gracefully draped with muslin of the faintest rose tint, matching the toilet, counterpane, lambrequins, and dainty sash window curtains, which I can sweep aside to feast my eyes on the glory of sky and hill.

"When the dust of travel was brushed away I went down to the 'supper,' which was delectable, and served without ceremony, though with the refinement of 'good taste,' as becomes a banquet of the gods. Dear Lu, I could see, was fidgeting nervously over the absence of city style and the lack of trained waiters, for which she blushing apologized (as though she had been used to such luxuries all her life heretofore), but the royal 'Carline' bore off the honors with queenly hand, seeming an arbiter rather than a subservient follower, like the rest of us, of established forms.

"Taking my ease that evening on the luxurious cushions of the home-made divan in the low-walled parlor, with its quaint, old-time appointments, I longed for your magic pen to 'do' the picture that I saw. There was 'Shep,' the faithful old farm dog, sitting in the doorway wagging his tail and looking over the scene with real human enjoyment of the family pleasures; Tab, the chintz house-cat, rollicking at the game of hide-and-seek with her pair of frolicsome kittens; friend Wood, seated beside the round table, with spectacles pushed up in his gray hair and plump hands folded on the waiting newspaper under the lamp; the dear matron in her close, high-armed rocker on the other side, diligently knitting and smiling with wholesome content; Queen Caroline, touching with soothing fingers a queer little, old-fashioned instrument of melodious sound and singing at my request an old, sweet love-ballad; Lu, the spirit of modern unrest, rustling about to adjust here and there the little articles of fashionable decoration she had brought home with her, and signaling to us her triumph in the effect of

her art, and Dave, the little 'poor-house' boy, lounging on the floor with playful dabs at the kittens and under-breath whistles to Shep—do you see it all?

"No doubt you will see this and more to your heart's liking when you come. Heigho! don't I wish somebody else were coming, too!

"I am quite at home with my host, who likes me well, and I love to go and sit on the pasture bars when he milks the brown-eyed Alderneys and talks to me with neighborly freedom in his rural Pennsylvanian dialect, which he begs I will excuse, 'cause it's so kind o' easy an' nateral, ye know, though it shocks Lushey.' I assure him that I love it. I do. The dear mother is more self-conscious and so less genuinely simple and sincere, but—"

The letter ended abruptly at this point, with a great blot, as if some interruption had occurred and the ink had been overturned in the haste of gathering up the rumpled paper which missed its destination.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

MUMMY PEAS.

THE Viscountess Chetwynd, writing to the *London Garden*, referring to the probability that certain seeds found lately in an Egyptian vase, supposed to be two thousand years old, will germinate, adds the following interesting account of an experiment of her own with peas of similarly ancient origin:

Perhaps it may interest your readers to know that many years ago Pettigrew gave my brother-in-law some peas that fell out of the wrappings of a mummy he was unrolling. They were planted at once, and most of them germinated. I saw them when in blossom; and a nice little row they were, about two yards long; and the seed ripened well. There could be no question as to their being foreigners; the foliage seemed more succulent and larger than the English garden pea. The form of the flowers was also quite different. Instead of the standard being upright, it fell forward, surrounding the keel and giving the appearance of a bell-shaped blossom—doubtless a provision against the scorching sun of Egypt during the infancy of the delicate seed-vessel. We found the peas excellent for the table; in size they were rather larger than the marrow pea. After a year or two in Hampshire they got mildewed, and were lost. I brought a handful into Devonshire, and we grew them for some little time; and one of the Exeter nurserymen had them, and sent them out as "Mummy Peas;" but they always seemed liable to get mildewed, possibly from debility in consequence of their prolonged sleep.

MILLY.

"I GUESS poor Jim will have to go without his supper to-night," said Widow Hosmer, as she peered anxiously out into the bleak, rainy twilight. Pete has sprained his leg so, slipping down out of the hayloft, that he can't take a step on it, and I s'pose you and I will have to finish the chores, Milly."

"All right, mother; I can milk old Speckle as well as not; and then we have only to close up things for night. Pete managed to get the hay down before he got himself down, but I do think he is the most awkward, unlucky creature that we ever had on the place. Here it isn't a week since he almost cut his thumb off, and it's a mercy he didn't burn the house up yesterday when he went and started that great fire in the fireplace without ever taking the boards off the chimney!"

"Yes, that's so; he does seem a bit unbalanced; but I feel sorry for the poor fellow. He's groaning dreadful with his leg, and won't let me do a thing for it; says he has got it wrapped up and thinks it will get easier after he gets to bed. I gave him some liniment for it and he went to his room. And now comes this dispatch from Jim, and no one to go the station with his lunch."

"Never mind, mother; we'll fix it somehow," answered pretty, brown-eyed Milly, as she bustled about, putting on her waterproof and overshoes preparatory to finishing the chores, and the darkness hid the rosy flush with which she said as the first tinkling streams of milk made music in the tin pail: "Mother, I believe I can carry Jim's lunch down to him myself!"

"Mercy, Milly! I'd never dare to let you!—the night so dark and the road so long and lonely! No, indeed, child; Jim would never allow it."

"I know, but it is too bad for the poor fellow to go without his supper this cold, bleak night, and I know every inch of the way with my eyes shut."

Mrs. Hosmer shivered a little as she drew her shawl closer against the keen autumn blast, and one could see that her resolution wavered a little.

"A cup of nice, hot coffee from home would seem sort of cheerful to him," she said, in a meditating tone, "and it's proper kind of you to make the offer, child; but I doubt it's being safe for you going so far alone."

"Nobody would be likely to be out such a night as this, unless it should be some of the neighboring farmers, and even if there were the darkness would hide me."

"I'm afraid to let you go, Milly. I've heard of tramps, and—"

"I'll tell you, mother; I'll take Jim's revolver! He left it in his room the last time he was at home."

"Well," began Mrs. Hosmer, doubtfully, "though you'd never dare to use it."

"Yes, I would, if I really needed to!" responded Milly; "so let us call it settled, and go in and get something nice put up for lunch."

Really pleased down in her maternal heart for this regard for her son's comfort, Mrs. Hosmer gave a reluctant consent; for Jim was her only and almost idolized child, little Milly being only the daughter of a dear dead friend whose child Mrs. Hosmer had gladly taken to her home and heart.

The farm was small and Jim detested farming, so a man was always employed on the place, while ambitious Jim risked life and limb as an engineer. He was now a handsome, stalwart fellow of twenty-six, whose broad shoulders, bronzed face, and merry eyes were secretly enshrined in Milly's heart as her ideal of all that was noble and manly. As for Jim, he, too, had an ideal, and often as he sat waiting on his engine he pictured a future fireside to which he could turn for rest instead of to his barren boarding-house, and the woman's face that always smiled him welcome in its light was wonderfully like the little picture of Milly that he always carried in the pocket of his blue flannel shirt. Many a time the engine light shone over the sweet face as it lay on his grimy palm in intervals of work, and Jim would whisper, softly, "By and by, little girl," as he carefully slipped it back where it beat with every beat of his heart.

Working faithfully and steadily, secretly laying the foundation of that ideal home, Jim had gained the respect and confidence of his employers and was on the road to promotion. But his work now was somewhat varied, and when the busy season came and freight was moving freely he often ran a "wild train" through Rockfield, as the little place was called, where a station had been erected for the accommodation of the surrounding farmers.

On these occasions he generally sent home a dispatch, as in the present case, and on return found a tempting lunch waiting his coming, and sometimes, if the weather was fine, got a glimpse of Milly and his mother and a moment's chat. His dispatch to-night read:

"Run through Rockfield to-night just ahead of ten o'clock express, reaching there about a quarter of ten."

"I will start only just in time to get there as the train arrives," said Milly, as they made the coffee and frizzled some slices of ham; "if I walk fast I can get there in fifteen minutes, and I don't believe the coffee can get cold in that time, all wrapped up in this big bottle and shut up in the pail."

"You might carry it in a little pail and set it on the stove in the station till Jim comes," suggested Mrs. Hosmer.

"I don't believe there would be a fire there, and besides, I would rather not go in. I can't bear Tom Kennedy's comments or company. I shall just stop under the porch till the train comes, and then I can hand Jim the lunch-pail and slip away before any one notices me."

"Maybe that would be best," assented Mrs. Hosmer, who knew how disagreeable the attentions of the sandy-haired young station agent were to her adopted daughter. "But, Milly, do be careful and take care of yourself. If anything should happen to you I should never forgive myself—never! In fact, I have half a mind not to let you go, after all!"

"What! with this for company?" said Milly, gayly, showing the revolver clutched tightly under her waterproof; "what a foolish mamma! Now good-bye! I shall be back before you know it." And, with a kiss, Milly disappeared in the dismal drizzle with a skip, and a glad little laugh as soon as she was out of sight at thought of seeing Jim.

Arriving at her destination, she softly crept up into the shelter of a deep doorway and looked down the track, where she expected even now to see the distant light of Jim's engine. But not the faintest gleam was visible. Surprised, she crept along and peered in at the clock through the station-window. The hands pointed to half-past nine.

"That stupid old clock!" she exclaimed, petulantly, as she slipped back to her hiding-place, "we might have known it would be too fast or too slow; it never is right, except by accident. Now Jim's coffee will be as cold as a stone—and I, too, for that matter!" she added, shivering and drawing closer into the corner out of the wind.

But the next moment the sound of low voices almost at her side sent her heart into her throat, and at the next bound her blood flew through her veins like fire.

"Don't turn cussed fool now!" exclaimed a gruff voice in a hoarse undertone. "It's a little late to turn soft-hearted just when the game is ours; and I aint no hand to put up with no nonsense, you know that, Bill!"

"I don't mean nothing—only if I was sure there wouldn't be no women and little children—specially little children—ever since little Tillie died—"

"Now bottle that!" angrily interrupted the other, with a fierce oath. "If I'd supposed you'd ever turn out such a chicken-livered coward I'd seen you starve before I'd have taken you into this. But it is too late now; there is a cool fifty thousand on that express train to-night, and I'll have it or die. You do your part and share the plunder, or you back down and I'll put an end to you. But you shan't stop me—I'll see to that, Bill."

"Jest give me a pull at the flask and I'll be all right. I never desert a friend, you know that, old fellow."

"All right, then," said the other, now mollified; "let's get to work. Mike is at his post, is he?"

"Yes, jest the other side of the building. If that station chap sets foot outside before we've had time to finish our work Mike will send a bullet into that sorrel top of his before you could wink. He will meet us at the old oak ten minutes after the train is due, and we'll be off. Now let's go up to the cut and get them rocks down onto the track mighty lively. There aint much time to spare."

As they noiselessly moved away the man's last whisper rang in Milly's ears like a death-knell. Surely there was not "much time to spare!" Of course, they knew nothing of Jim's train, that would, within a few minutes, come rushing into the death-trap they were to set. And she could give no alarm. The express never did more than slightly slack its speed to drop some package on the platform; no one was at the station except the sleepy agent, all unconscious of the terrible guard that stood beside him; long before she could get the nearest neighbor there it would be too late—all these thoughts rushed like lightning through Milly's distracted brain. There was no one to know or to aid but God and herself. She lifted her eyes to the starless sky in mute appeal, then turned and sped like a deer through the darkness toward the spot chosen for this dreadful deed. Well was it that she knew, as by instinct, every step of this ground, even the very rocks piled on the edge of the rocky gorge, that now were meant for the crushing out of human life. Only at Jim's last visit she had walked with him here to this very spot. Now, as she approached, she heard a heavy, grinding sound and the subdued, panting exclamations of the men as they strove to move the heavy stones from their beds.

"By the Eternal! there she comes! they've changed the time! Quick, now, with this biggest one!"

Poor Milly! she knew what light that was drawing so fearfully near. Not the express, but the engine of the man she loved better than her own life. She drew near to the panting, cursing men, till she felt as if they could hear her heart beat, then, as they cried, "Now! over with it!" she breathed, "O Jim! my darling, my darling!" and fired two swift shots at the men before her.

A groan and a cry of rage told her that she had not failed in her aim. The train passing swiftly by below her assured her that her lover was safe; then she sank down in a little, quivering heap in the darkness. Nothing mattered now. Those dreadful wretches might find and tear her to atoms now if need be; she had saved the man she loved, and that was enough.

But in a moment or two she rallied, as the cool rain beat upon her face, and rose softly to her feet. She must see him now at all hazards; she must see and tell him all or she could not live. She flew over the ground like a mad creature. Nothing held her flight until she reached the train, where Jim's face shone upon her from the engine cab, and she fell with a speechless gasp beside it. In a moment she was in Jim's arms, some one brought brandy and dropped upon her cold lids, and after awhile she heard Jim's tender words as he held and kissed her, and then sat up, pale and trembling, to tell her story.

But the express stopped that night, and when it went on it bore with it the two wretches who had sought to destroy it with its precious freight of life, and left a heavy purse for brave Milly, a contribution from the grateful passengers whose lives she had saved.

On going to the top of the cut the men had been found pinioned by the rock that they had partly lifted to hurl upon the track below. Milly's bullet had gone through the arm of the one called "Bill." As his hold relaxed, the heavy rock had rolled back upon their legs, holding them both prisoners. The second man was Pete, Mrs. Hosmer's hired hand. Mike had disappeared.

But Milly was the heroine of many a day, and when, soon after, she was about to become Jim's happy wife, she got a silver tea service fit for a princess, "With the gratitude and best wishes of the — Ex. Co., for James Hosmer's brave wife."

FAUSTINE.

IF I WERE YOU.

IF I were you I would not scold,
For the summer is warm as the winter is cold,
And the flowers and the weeds have each their
season,

And grow and grow without ever a reason;
And friends that are foes and friends that are true
Walk the populous streets with you.

If I were you I would not be troubled
By little things—thereby they are doubled—
Or great things either, but laugh and be glad,
And call for the very best to be had.
This world is rather a nice world to live in,
If you're good at forgetting and good at forgiving.

I would be happy if I were you,
That is the happiest thing to do!

A NEW INSTRUMENT.—"What amused me most at the opera," said an Arab chief, who had been taken to hear "Faust," "was one of the musicians in the orchestra, seated a little higher than the rest, who performed on an invisible instrument with a stick."

A DIFFICULT TRUST.*

BY H. S. ATWATER.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next morning Charles and Geoffrey drove into Monmouth, and the former drew his own deductions from the long look that passed between Thalia and Geoffrey as they drove away.

Thalia settled herself in a hammock under the trees and opened a book before her face, more as an excuse for thought than from any actual interest, and lazily watching Elinor through her half-closed eyes as she passed to and fro, leaving the marks of her presence wherever she went in an exquisite order. At last she stepped out on the lawn, her delicate face and earnest eyes showing from under the shade of a broad hat, and carrying in her hand a pair of scissors.

Lovingly she passed in among her flowers, raising their heads caressingly, and tenderly gazing into their depths, as though she expected to unravel the mystery of their beauty. At last a rose, deep red with blushes, was cut and dropped into the little basket she carried upon her arm; then a pure white bud was lifted to her mouth, and a dainty kiss bestowed upon it ere it was laid beside its more vigorous brother. Next, a cluster of fragrant pinks mingled their spicy breath with the perfume of their neighbors. A handful of mignonette was added, a small bunch being reserved and fastened in the girdle of this modern Flora; then sweet allysum lent its snowy clusters, in charming contrast to the graceful scarlet sage. The dahlias, in their golden and wine-colored robes, bent their stately heads before this sweeping harvest, and gay geraniums, with a few late poppies, graced the collection. At last she paused, and, putting down her basket, reached up, pulling toward her the long branches of honeysuckles that wound about the pillars of the porch. Cutting off the drooping sprays, she laid a few in her basket, and twining the rest into a perfumed wreath, stole behind Thalia, as she lay with closed eyes, and softly placed it upon her head.

Thalia, without turning, raised her hand, imprisoning that of Elinor within her own.

"Elinor, dear, that is like you, always thinking of something sweet for other people," she murmured, retaining Elinor's hand. Her mood was such that she would have said a pleasant word to any and every one this morning; but it was of short duration, for her fingers came in contact with the antique ring found by Charles, and the old feeling of resentment stirred within her. She twisted it around on Elinor's finger and laughed.

"What does it mean, Elinor?" she queried.

"I do not understand you, Thalia," answered Elinor, coldly.

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"Why, my dear," replied Thalia, flippantly, "you are well aware that a gentleman does not give a lady a ring, as a general thing, without attaching some significance to the gift."

"That altogether depends," returned Elinor, with a tinge of impatience in her voice, "in what manner and with what feelings such a present is made. You know perfectly well, Thalia, that Charles and I have grown up together, and that one fact, taken into consideration with the circumstances under which the ring was found and given to me, would preclude any such ideas;" and again she tried to withdraw her hand from Thalia's light but firm grasp.

"You need not look so dignified, Elinor," retorted Thalia; "it would not be strange if Charles felt a deep interest in you. I am sure," she continued, speaking in a tone of patronage that caused Elinor's cheeks to burn, "I should be very glad if it was so, for you must be terribly lonely here at times." She saw that Elinor was on the rack, and a spirit of spite against Charles vented itself, as she supposed, upon the object of his affections. Is human nature generally so large and generous that it will always retain the stone with which it has been wounded, and stay its hand from passing it on to a third and innocent party? And it was this very sentiment of baffled effort, which her last meeting with Charles had produced in her mind, that prompted her next remark:

"You cannot blame me, Elinor," she spoke, still retaining Elinor's reluctant hand—"you cannot wonder that I should exhibit a more than ordinary interest; for are you not my dearest friend? and," with a smile and droop of the eyes, "I don't mind telling you, but Charles Marsden and I were engaged for several months."

Elinor glanced keenly in her face. She had suspected something of the kind, but a feeling of delicacy had forbidden any questions relating to it.

"Yes," continued Thalia, with a little laugh, "I really think I was quite fond of him, and he fairly worshiped me, but," with a slight shrug of the shoulder, "you know how continually one falls into such mistakes, and I very soon found that we could not get along together. Charles is more than nice, but he was too much of a saint for me and altogether too exacting, so—we parted. That was over a year ago, and no doubt he has entirely recovered by this time, as I most certainly have."

Elinor looked at her in amazement. Could this woman, thus boasting of her most treasured secrets, be the friend for whom she had cherished an affection these many years?

She turned from her with a feeling of disgust, for which, in the next moment, she blamed herself severely.

Thalia, noting the movement, released the captive hand, and a satisfied smile played around the corners of her mouth. Could she have looked into the depths of Elinor's heart, she would probably have been astonished to learn how very far astray her deductions had led her, for she would not have discovered the least trace of wounded or jealous feeling, only a deep disappointment, resulting from the fall of an ideal friendship.

Elinor, released, picked up her flowery burden and left Thalia to her thoughts once more. She passed into the house, and, with a quaint, cut-glass bowl before her, brought over by one of the fair Ames women who smiled at her from over the high wooden mantel, she proceeded to arrange her gay trophies with dextrous fingers.

To a student of human nature, the sight of a woman engaged in any mechanical pursuit of a sedentary character that, while it employs her nimble fingers, allows her mind full play, presents food for speculative thought. Who can tell what queries of life and its riddles are propounded and mused over? what projects are decided upon and plans laid for their completion? what personalities are weighed and judgments passed? what golden hopes and disastrous doubts are stitched, not only into the seam through which the sharp and shining needle darts so swiftly, but into that fabric of life, that stint, which is dealt to each mortal as they make their appearance upon the arena of the world and of which an account is exacted in the end.

So Elinor's thoughts, free agents that they were, passed in review the conversation just held with Thalia, endeavoring to adjust the balance that had been so rudely disturbed.

Had Elinor Ames known Charles Marsden less intimately and for a shorter time, the idea presented to her mind by Thalia's words would not have taken her so by surprise, but she could not remember any one farther back in her life than this constant friend, and for that very reason and the fraternal footing he had always held in her esteem, the idea of Charles as a lover had never before presented itself to Elinor Ames. It was a mystery that was rendered doubly difficult, inasmuch as there were no new landmarks of feeling to guide her perceptions. The thought brought no warmer throb to her throat, only a feeling of dismay that their pleasant intercourse should be interrupted by any unwonted current. She felt that she could not spare him as a friend, not even to retain him in the warmer character of a lover.

A crimson flush overspread her face, and she almost felt that such a thought was treachery to a friend, feeling a certain troubled shame that she had allowed herself to dwell upon it even for an instant.

She heartily wished Thalia had held her peace, and again a feeling of disgust rendered its obnoxious presence apparent.

That two such opposite natures should so long remain united in friendship was somewhat of a riddle to Charles Marsden, but Professor Ames and Judge Winthrop had been the closest of comrades, and, indeed, before Elinor's birth there had been more than one conversation laughingly held between them of the possible boy and girl who were to cement the family feeling, so that when the two infants, born a year apart and disappointing the plans of their elders, proved to be both girls, the closest intimacy had been encouraged between them from their cradle up. Loyalty to the object of her affections was characteristic of Elinor Ames even as a child, and more than one of Thalia's battles at school was fought for her by her staunch friend, Elinor, and many a punishment was ward off—nay, even sometimes borne in her place—by the same devoted companion.

Gradually, however, as the girls became older and their characters developed, they fell apart in spirit more and more, but from the very force of habit and circumstance still kept up their intimate visiting, but with the feeling slowly dawning upon Elinor that it was not in the nature of things that there could ever be any congeniality between herself and Thalia Winthrop. To one of her loving and straightforward disposition, it was a keen pain to experience such a disappointment, and a dreary feeling of loneliness settled down upon her heart, as a thick fog intercepts the cheering sunshine.

The flowers slowly dropped from her fingers, and, leaning her head on her hand, she sat sadly thinking. Slowly the day passed. Thalia seemed possessed by the spirit of unrest, and wandered aimlessly from window to door, from door to carriage way, and finally down the garden walk.

With true tact, Elinor said little to her, and after a few feeble attempts at conversation she resumed her book. She was accustomed to Thalia's moods, and had the rare good sense of non-interference, understanding that there are certain phases of the mind that best work themselves out in quietness and in their own manner, and in which outside influence becomes a positive harm. For herself, under the stimulus of her usual occupations, her troubled spirit again became quiet, and she looked forward to Geoffrey's coming with a light in her eyes as she stepped about the inviting tea-table, with its snowy damask, sparkling glass, and shining silver. She placed in the centre her bowl of gay flowers, laying a little bunch of heliotrope and geranium leaves at Geoffrey's place and a cluster of white carnations at Thalia's, then, laughing a little to herself, crossed the broad hall into the library, and, looking through the book-shelves, took from among the volumes a little, old book. Running her finger down the index, she turned over the leaves, reading down the page with a lovely color tinging her face;

once again she read on, this time a look of wonder succeeding to that of blushing consciousness, and she closed the book, murmuring, "Devotion and Coquetry—the Heliotrope and Carnation," and an indistinct thought was severely chidden back.

Thalia, straying in from the garden, opened the piano, and, seating herself before it, drifted into a running accompaniment to which she softly sang.

Presently the grating of carriage wheels in the graveled path caused her to pause and listen, and with the sound of Geoffrey's voice and his footfall upon the porch, a smile overspread her face, and turning she resumed her playing.

Elinor started to meet him as he entered the hall, but hesitated as she saw him look eagerly about and step quickly into the parlor. She saw him stoop and unfold Thalia in his arms; she saw her face, bright with a radiant smile, upturned to his all glowing and happy; then the gleam of a jewel caught her eye as it was slipped upon Thalia's finger, and with a low cry she turned and fled up the wide staircase to her chamber, entering and locking the door behind her.

She stood in the centre of the room with her hands clasped over her heart and panting like an animal brought to bay, facing a reality she had not suspected and endeavoring to adjust herself to this new light that flooded her mind. Her whole being despised and revolted from the weakness of which she now accused herself, and her delicacy and purity of thought turned against the trust heart that had thus thrown off its fetters and which would not be quieted, but cried clamorously for its rights. Could it be possible that she had given her love unasked? The thought was simply torture to her, but so fine was her generous spirit that no feeling of resentment or evasion presented itself, only a self-contempt that such a thing should have been possible.

She rapidly paced the room, resolutely bracing herself to face the position, her old habit of concentration in whatever she undertook standing her in good stead. In her habitual thought of others she now found help and comfort, and as the clear, metallic sound of the supper-bell fell upon her ear, recalling her to a sense of her duties as hostess, she descended, outwardly composed, but with a heightened color, her pride and self-respect sustaining her; and not one of the party around the tea-table would have supposed that there was aught amiss with Miss Ames.

Druilla's quick eye, however, noted the slight compression of the lips and the occasional tremor of the muscles of the mouth, noted, also, a pathos in the sweet voice that she knew was foreign to it.

"Sumthin's wrong," she commented, mentally; "never heard Elinor speak that way but once afore, and that was when the Professor died."

Geoffrey was jubilant over his day's work, and

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Elinor, relieved from the strain of conversation, and in spite of the pain that gnawed at her heart, listened with genuine interest as he told how all business relating to the Phoenix Mill was in a fair way of being settled, and how ere long he would be quite the man of business.

Here, at least, was something tangible to which she could turn, sure of finding a grateful recognition of her interest in Geoffrey's warm, affectionate nature. With all her heart and mind would she aid him, and she would work so far as she could for the man, as she had proposed to do for the boy, and the smiles came back, dimpling her cheeks and brightening her eyes.

Thalia fidgeted uneasily, and, finally rising, with an excuse, passed out on the lawn.

Elinor arose.

"Geoffrey," she said, "I have an errand to attend to, and will asked to be excused a little while," and so saying, she went out alone in the direction of the village.

Geoffrey looked after her and hesitated.

"It's beastly to let her go alone," he thought.

"Geoffrey," called Thalia from the garden.

He turned and joined her, forgetting Elinor, the world, everything, save the one delicious dream of love.

A feeling of horrible loneliness and desolation oppressed Elinor Ames as she walked rapidly down the road. Life seemed suddenly bereft of light and interest, and she hardly recognized herself in the feeble creature who cried against Fate in an inconsequent way that had no reason in it. The soft evening air played around her, fluttering her garments with caressing touch, and the color of the trees took on a more vivid green in the twilight glow. Hedges, gay with asters and golden-rod, with here and there a belated wild rose showing its perfumed disk between, lay on either side. Over the stone walls of rough New England granite wandered grapevines, their half-ripe fruit culled closely by each barefooted urchin as they passed, and clusters of bittersweet hung in wreathed vines from the trees, their scarlet and orange berries gleaming among the green, just tinged with dying glory. The soft and fleecy down of the clematis gone to seed floated on the air, and the noises of the darkness made themselves heard in the chirp of the crickets and the boom of the frogs from the meadows.

Ascending a hill on the right, she seated herself on a large gray boulder. Down below her she could see a little, ragged boy, driving home the plodding cows, whose tinkling bells sounded musically in her ears; for the perfect agreement between all parts of a completed whole constitutes the highest perfection of enjoyment, and so this rural scene, this rude and primitive music, was the one best fitted to the time and place.

As she dreamily gazed before her she admitted

frankly to herself that all her heart was Geoffrey's, and she acknowledged with humiliation that she had given it unsought; then her spirit arose and asserted itself, and she thought there was nothing she need be ashamed of in her affection for so true and honorable a man. He should never know it, and she would delight in standing between him and any unpleasantness, warding off many disagreeable things without his being even aware that they existed. The business just consummated would open a way to this, and she experienced a certain sense of happiness stir within her. She thought with misgiving of Thalia's shallow nature. Could she, would she be able to fill the warm, devoted heart of Geoffrey Allston? Thrusting this thought aside indignantly, as unworthy of a loyal friendship, she found herself wondering how her life would be, and it was a curious illustration of how deeply the wound had gone into her being that she looked upon it as utterly bereft of all affection, and for the moment no thought of Charles Marsden, the faithful friend, or Drusilla, the devoted care-taker, presented itself, the sole thing that impressed itself upon her consciousness being the sense of an overwhelming heart-loss, so completely obscuring the sun of her happiness as to cast an utter darkness over her life. She hid her face in her hands and bowed to her knees with a bitter cry.

"O my dear! my dear!" she moaned, "life is but a blank to be endured without you. Yes, I can go my way and live," she almost groaned, clinching her hands. "I will not give up, though I sink by the way. Geoffrey Allston, I love you as no other woman ever can or will love you, and for you alone do I take up my burden and lay it on my shoulders. For you will I live, for you will I work, and in your own way I will strive to render you happy."

Infinite love! what sublimer heights of devotion could have been reached! "Happy in his own way." How often do we wish others made happy, but it must be in *our* way not *theirs*? "I will live for you, my dear," she continued, rising and still speaking to herself; "I will watch and work for you, and you shall be as happy as faithful affection can make you; and you cannot help it, dear, for you will not know of it, and wonder sometimes to yourself how it is that life keeps so easy and pleasant for you, when you will learn in time it is so hard for many. And I? Oh! yes," and she gave a dreary little laugh that would have wrung Charles Marsden's heart could he have heard it, "I shall be very happy, I suppose—oh! very happy," and she retraced her way, with the evening dampness clinging to her garments and nestling in the ripples of her soft dark hair.

All was quiet within Windy Point when she returned, the odor of smoke leading her out on the porch, where she found Geoffrey alone with

his cigar. Thalia had retired, preferring that Geoffrey should break the news of their engagement to Elinor rather than she herself. In fact, she had almost insisted upon silence on the subject for the present, but Geoffrey was firm.

"No, my own darling," he had said, pressing her more closely to his side; "Elinor has a right to learn this from me at once; you see that for yourself, dearest, do you not?"

Thalia gave a feeble assent; in truth, she felt the decision in Geoffrey's tone, and did not mean to come into collision with his will at present, and the result was that as Elinor slowly came up the carriage walk Thalia quietly slipped away to her own room, leaving Geoffrey alone on the porch.

"Sit here, Elinor," he said, rising and placing a chair for her near his own; "sit down a moment, dear, kind Elinor. I have something to tell you."

His tender tone was almost more than Elinor could bear, but the merciful darkness in the struggle with which she forced back her tears.

"To whom should I go," he continued, absorbed in his own thoughts and not noticing hersilence—"to whom should I go in happiness or misery but to the dear woman who has opened her doors to me, who have no claim upon her. O Elinor!" he spoke, earnestly, sitting upright, "should I ever have a chance of returning your kindness, if that day should ever come, command me, body and soul, for your service."

Flinging away his cigar, he arose and paced the porch from end to end. Finally he stopped in front of her and spoke, in an unsteady voice:

"Elinor," he said, holding out both his hands, "dear friend and sister, share my happiness with me, for Thalia, my love, my heart's treasure, has given herself to me. I cannot guess"—and his voice sank low with exquisite tenderness—"I cannot guess how this has come about that she, my queen, should stoop to look at such an one as I."

Elinor trembled from head to foot; she must not fail now, so she placed her hands in Geoffrey's and, reaching up, kissed him on the lips. With a supreme effort, "God bless you both," she said, in a broken voice, then turned and left him.

On this ocean of life our barks sail unwittingly by shores that hold for us incalculable good, graze sunken treasures that in after years we would almost give our life to possess, and pass safe harbors to perchance become a wreck upon some lee shore, while we, poor, blind puppets that we are, live through our little course of blunders, and if we finally reach port in safety, give great praise to the worldly wisdom that brought us there.

Oh! this poor, small humanity that wraps us around and prevents us from estimating the Force that holds us where we are and molds us to its will.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE comes a lull in the life of most people in which the current of existence glides smoothly and gently along between its banks, keeping to its usual course so restfully that it does not seem possible that the same stream may swell and become an angry torrent, raging and lashing over its banks in fury and casting desolation and destruction on every side. Trust it not. Under the treacherous calm lie unsuspected influences quietly at work; unseen though they are, a little eddy here is slowly but surely hollowing out the bank above it; a slight impediment here is gathering the nucleus of an obstruction that may eventually turn the channel, while back at its sources the heavy rains are filling the fountain-heads that finally rush down, carrying all before them.

Despise not the smallest and most trivial events of life; they hold a germ of change all the more dangerous from the fact of their unimportant tendency. Thus the every-day life of our friends rolled on, outwardly quiet, but not the less surely sweeping toward the brink over which it was destined to plunge with a crash, bewildering and almost wrecking the creatures caught in its whirl.

The sale of the Phoenix Mills having been successfully concluded, Geoffrey bent himself to the task of mastering the details of the business. The future opened brightly before him, and life, for the first time, held forward to his eager hand a prize worth working for; and, rousing from his listlessness, he presented himself in an entirely new aspect to his friends, developing business-like and methodical habits that caused Elinor to marvel and commanded Charles Marsden's admiration. His time was divided between the Phoenix Mills and the place that held the dearest treasure of his life, and if occasionally a cropping out of selfish feeling on Thalia's part cast a cloud over his sunshine, it was dismissed lightly and without a thought for the future.

He had set up his bachelor quarters near Charles Marsden's rooms, and there were days and days in which Elinor scarcely saw him; but he was always the same affectionate friend, and came to her in consultation, as a matter of course, so accurately and unconsciously had his instinct led him to spare Thalia dry details and turn to Elinor.

"My bright, sweet darling," he thought, "she shall not have the shadow of a care upon her life if I can help it."

Quietly and unobtrusively Elinor Ames kept pace with him and his affairs, and Geoffrey grew more and more prone to consult with her, almost certain to find a steady will, coupled with good judgment, that was rendered of inestimable value because combined with a ready sympathy. Little did he dream of the subtle feeling that lay back of all, that instinct which pointed the judgment and

made the sympathy so quick and keen, and as little did he dream of the hours spent by Elinor over books and details concerning his business.

Geoffrey Allston was not much given to analysis, either of himself or others; he did not pin each individuality down before him and coolly dissect the cause, effect, and result, as is the tendency of this critical age and as he might have done had his life mingled more with the world at large. He was quite content to take things as they might present themselves, willing, always, to make the best of everything, and taking an optimistic view of life generally; so that though he often wondered to himself how it was that Elinor appeared to possess such business qualifications, he set it down to the superiority of her ability, of which he had the highest possible admiration, and there were times when this habit of thought caused Charles Marsden to grind his teeth and anathematize what he termed "Allston's blind selfishness."

"Elinor," Charles had said one day, when Elinor's preoccupied air and anxious look had completed the sum of his irritation—"Elinor, why do you take upon yourself so much of Geoffrey's care? It is not right that you should be so troubled, and quite unnecessary, so far as I can see."

Elinor looked up with a smile.

"Why do you worry so much, Charles?" she had replied, cheerfully; "it is my pleasure, and gives me the very object in life that I have wanted. Besides, you forget that Geoffrey is still my ward, and it is only natural that I should feel anxious everything should turn out well for him."

"That's all very well, Elinor," urged Charles; "but I could see more reason in what you say if Geoffrey was a boy and incapable of attending to his own affairs, but he appears to me to be quite as competent as most young men, and has, besides, a most excellent adviser in his manager, Sander-son."

Elinor made a gesture of impatience and irritation.

"Really, Charles," she replied, more sharply than was her wont, "I should think you considered me an infant, and yet I regard my individuality as sufficiently pronounced to be allowed freedom of judgment."

Charles compressed his lips, and turning looked out of the window.

Nature had adapted herself to his mood. Outside, the snowflakes were softly falling into the heavy depths of the sullen water, whose cold, gray surface reflected the leaden tinge of the sky. The naked branches of the trees were rapidly becoming clothed in a fleecy robe of white, and an occasional gust of wind sighed through the vines, rattling their scant burden of dead leaves, tapping them against the window-panes, like the greeting of skeleton fingers, and shaking the long icicles

from them with a clear, shivering sound down upon the frozen ground.

Oh! this beloved woman, just within his reach, yet so far, so aggravatingly distant! What was this boy who had dared to come in between them; this stranger, with his appeal for sympathy and affection; this alien, who had sprung up in an hour and worked such manifold changes among them? Elinor should not immolate herself, and a wave of rage overwhelmed him, and his hand tightened with a murderous grip.

"Charles," spoke Elinor's soft voice at his side. Her hand was on his arm, her loving gray eyes, brimming over with tears, were raised to his. "Forgive me," she spoke, in an unsteady voice.

He shook from head to foot in the supreme effort of self-mastery. Suddenly he seized her hand in both his own and passionately kissed it; the next moment his grasp loosened, and letting it drop he leaned his head on his arm against the window-sash and almost groaned aloud.

"Dear friend," she had said, "it was more than ungrateful to speak as I did just now. Will you forgive me? There is no one in the world to whom I owe so deep a debt of gratitude as to you, Charles, and I earnestly hope the time may come that I can repay you. Indeed, my obligation to you is a heavy one, and, setting aside the warm friendship that has always existed between us, it was ungracious and unkind to speak as I did just now. Forgive me, Charles," she continued, with a tone of pain in her voice that stabbed the man like a dagger; "I haven't been quite like myself lately, and am more irritable and nervous than I could have ever believed possible."

Gratitude for love! The pitiful mockery of the thought to Charles Marsden. Most immaculate friend that she was, with the soul of her friendship steeped in gratitude, what husks did she offer the ravenous heart of this man, who would have bent to kiss her footprint. The glowing words died on his lips and went out in the dead ashes of the commonplace. The time had not yet come, and his worshipful love went back into the chamber of his heart and was locked and barred within by the iron will, a close prisoner, but gathering strength by its very restraint.

"Forgive?" he at length answered; "that is too strong a word. I know you well enough, Elinor, to have confidence in your kindness and—gratitude. But you will pardon me if I make the request that the word 'gratitude' does not pass between us again. It is undoubtedly a fine thing," he continued, bitterly, "but it almost seems a mockery between you and I, and I prefer not to talk of it."

"As you will, Charles," she replied, wearily, wondering at his words, and experiencing a sense of relief as a shuffling and stamping of feet on the porch announced an interruption in the per-

son of Violet Primrose, shaking himself free from the melting snowflakes.

"Wall, Drusilla," he drawled, as he delivered the mail-bag into the hands of that ancient maiden, who promptly conveyed it to the library, "there's a hefty pile of letters for you this evenin'. Elinor's been gettin' a heap o' 'em o' late; s'pose there'll be a weddin' afore long, hey?"

"Don't know nuthin' 'bout it no more'n you do, Mr. Primrose," responded Drusilla, bending over the kitchen fire with flushed face, and enveloped in a long gingham apron. "I don't ask questions 'bout things that don't concern me."

"Wa'all, you're different a great sight from most folks then, Drusilla," rejoined Violet, seating himself on one side of the hearth, and stretching out his wet boots to the warming blaze with a long-drawn sigh of comfort. Over the fire from the old-fashioned crane swung a large iron pot nearly full of boiling lard, and with tempting doughnuts bobbing about on its seething surface, slowly acquiring a delicious brown, and diffusing an appetizing aroma throughout the kitchen.

Violet's eyes glided.

"Drusilla," he remarked, in a conciliatory tone, "you do take the cake in frying doughnuts; now Miss Primrose can't come up to you; hern's allers either soggy, or else the fat gets too hot and they're burned to a crisp; ef you don't mind I'll try one," he continued, helping himself out of the dish, on which the tempting balls were heaped as they were fished out of the kettle with a long-handled fork wielded by Drusilla.

"There's one thing certain," thought Drusilla, "you won't go without for want o' askin', anyhow," then aloud, as her conscience gave a reminder in the direction of hospitality, "help yourself, Mr. Primrose, there's plenty of 'em, and you're welcome to all you want. How's Miss Primrose and the children?"

"Miss Primrose's better, much obliged to you, Drusilla; she haint been right chipper this piece back, but she's better now, and the children's as spry as crickets. You oughter see that boy o' mine; he's jest as smart as they make 'em, neow I tell you," replied Violet, munching his third doughnut.

"Well, Mr. Primrose," answered Drusilla, "you've got a nice family anyhow, and a nice woman, too, for a wife, and I s'pose it's a comfort to folks to feel they have some one of their own flesh and blood to care for them as they grow old."

"Ya'as," drawled Violet, "that's so, though Nancy might be stronger, for she's ailin' half the time, and it's wearin' on a man to have an ailin' wife."

This was touching Drusilla Hopewell in a tender spot. Straightening up, she pointed at the postmaster with her two-pronged fork, and pin-

ning him down with a keen glance over the top of her spectacles spoke:

"It does rile me up all over to have men folks talk that way. Do you s'pose, Mr. Primrose, that your wife, or any other unfortunate female, tries to be sick for fun? Don't you s'pose it would be a great sight more fun for them if they didn't have to put up with headaches and backaches and lots of other aches besides, without you men folks givin' them the worst of all aches, the heart-ache. They don't go an' court aches and pains, they don't poke 'round and hunt them up, that they may have fun out o' 'em, I can tell you, but to hear you men folks talk, a body might think their wives spent most of their time scaring up aches and pains and diggin' for nerves. It's my opinion, that a man that can't uphold a woman in sickness as well as in health aint fit to have a wife runnin' 'round after him, bearing his children, doin' his chores for him, and a wearin' herself out body and soul for an unthankful thing that calls himself a man."

"Phew, Drusilla!" ejaculated Violet, "you're a regular tearer. I didn't say nothin' to set you off the handle that way. A stirrin' woman's most as bad as the nettle-rash and makes life 'bout as oneasy. I'm satisfied with Miss Primrose, and she shall have all the headaches she wants; for they keep her quiet, and that's a heap o' comfort," so speaking, he buttoned up his overcoat, and, pulling his hat down over his eyes, prepared to face the storm.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Primrose," spoke Drusilla, mollified. She had spoken out her mind, and her kindness of heart asserted itself—"wait a minute," and she placed in his hand a little basket filled with the still steaming doughnuts.

"Give that to the children, and if Miss Primrose would like some chicken soup let Sammy come up to-morrow about noon and I'll send her a kettleful."

"Much obliged, Drusilla," quoth Violet, with a tinge of patronage in his voice, "you're a good soul, ef you are as cross as two sticks sometimes."

The mail had indeed brought Elinor a budget, over which she sat with knitted brows and absorbed attention. Business details from the mill, a long letter of consultation from Geoffrey, and a shorter and complaining epistle from Thalia Winthrop.

"Is it not provoking," she wrote, "that the dearest wish of my life is to be thwarted by that hateful mill? Geoffrey, dear fellow [Elinor, you can't imagine how kind he is], promised me an European bridal trip, and all our arrangements have been made accordingly; but it seems as though Fate was against it, as the date of the wedding-day is fixed and it appears as though the business of the mill needs the presence of some one in

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authority, and, of course, Geoffrey says he must remain. I am more provoked than I can tell, and Geoffrey looks the picture of misery that he cannot keep his word to me. Write and condole with your afflicted
"THALIA."

The letter dropped from Elinor's fingers and the hot tears rose to her eyes.

Such a little thing as this to render one unhappy!

Her head dropped on her hands with a bitter cry.

"O my love! my love! and I could be so happy with but a loving smile, one tender word or touch. What have I done that I must starve for that which Thalia so little understands or values and yet which is showered upon her without stint?"

She started to her feet, pacing the room and wringing her slender hands in craving agony. Suddenly she stopped, turned, with outstretched arms and a seraphic smile on her upturned face.

"O my dear!" she brokenly, sweetly spoke, "I will do yet one more thing for you. The time has come when I can help you and make the way smooth over which you would travel to your heart's desire. You shall go, my dear, and I will take your place here if you wish, and will serve you with my last breath and strength," and, under the inspiring influence of this enthusiasm, she penned a letter which was dispatched to the mail by an especial messenger.

A cozy parlor, cheerful fire, and soft light streaming over perfect face and form, greeted Geoffrey Allston's eyes that winter night, as he stepped out of the storm with a happy light of expectancy in his face. He had good news for Thalia, and he paused on the threshold to enjoy it in anticipation.

There are fairies of goodness, fairies of hope, fairies of good luck, and countless other short-skirted, butterfly-winged creatures of Fairyland, but there is one whose magic surpasses them all in the illusive visions that it holds out to man; and the happiness or misery it bestows is so vivid that it seems reality itself. Come forth, then, potent fairy of anticipation, and make thy bow and let all the world prepare to do thee homage.

"O Thalia mia!" he whispered in her ear, as he enfolded her in his arms; "my darling, I have good news for you to-night. Guess, sweetheart, guess; I shall not tell you until you guess."

Thalia, gently freeing herself, adjusted her ruffled laces.

"I'm sure I can't guess, Geoffrey," she said; "you know I hate mysteries, and never could guess conundrums."

Her mood had a tinge of subdued irritation that grated upon Geoffrey's heart.

"Think, Thalia," he spoke, in a voice out of which a certain glad vibration had vanished—

"think, Thalia, what a good, sweet woman our Elinor is. I received the dearest, most self-sacrificing letter from her to-day, offering to take my place at the mill if I wished to go abroad, and if I felt as if she was competent to fill it. I cannot imagine how she knew I wished to go, for I have carefully avoided mentioning the subject, but the very idea of doubting her ability seems absurd to me, when it is due almost entirely to her thoughtful and competent judgment that all has gone well so far. But I cannot bear to leave such a responsibility upon her shoulders, and were it not for you, my dearest, should not entertain the thought for an instant. What say you?"

Thalia nestled closely to his side and looked up into his face with a bright smile, the full, red lips met his in a delicious, intoxicating kiss, and no other argument was needed to settle the question to her satisfaction.

"Then it is decided we go," she said; "as to Elinor, why, Geoffrey, dear, you know she likes such things, so she will be happy as well as you and I. Of course, it's ever so nice, and it won't be long, either." So she said, but her plans were quite different.

The utter selfishness of this speech, devoid of even grateful recognition, struck a chill at the chivalric heart of Geoffrey Allston. A long look came into his eyes, fastened upon her, gradually the light died out of his face, and a shadow fell upon it; he seemed struggling against some ugly thought he fain would kill. At length he rose, and drawing his hand across his forehead, took his leave with a coldness that surprised and somewhat troubled Thalia.

"Never mind," she laughed to herself, with a cruel gleam in the blue eyes, and opening, then closing tightly, her little white hand—"I have him here to do with as I please."

Beautiful siren that you are, beware of trying too far the power of your witchery; for selfishness, with small stabs, kills love more surely than heavier blows from some more large-brained Fate.

That evening, before he retired, Geoffrey Allston, in the solitude of his room, took Elinor Ames's letter from his pocket, and tenderly kissing it, placed it reverently away among the relics of his dead mother.

"My friend of friends," he murmured; "God bless you, dear, and I will never forget you while breath is in this body."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE dreaded ordeal of the wedding-day had come and gone, and Elinor Ames settled down in her home, feeling that something had dropped from her life leaving a gulf that nothing could bridge. There had come a rare bird to

sing its wonderful song in her heart and cast a shining glamour over all her life from its radiant plumage, but it had met with an untimely death, its sweet voice was stilled, and the beauty of its presence had departed, leaving naught but the faded semblance of the living reality. Desolation pure and simple cast its gloomy pall over her life, and the road before her was planted thickly with the thorns of self-sacrifice, lacerating her heart and excluding the blessed sunlight. But not even then did she long remain supine, for after the first reaction of her supreme self-control had passed, she slowly picked up the threads of her life, and wearily lifting the burden of existence once more to her shoulder, marched courageously on her way.

There was a wistful look in Geoffrey's eyes as he parted from her that had moved her strangely. He had held her hands in his own and looked long into her brave eyes. "I cannot bear to leave you thus, Elinor, to bear my burdens," he had said; "I shall never forget your unselfish kindness," and dropping her hands abruptly turned to where Thalia stood, brilliant and beautiful, a very personification of loveliness.

Slowly the huge vessel had cast its anchor and glided majestically down the stream. Elinor had seen Thalia vanish down the companion-way carefully assisted by her husband, and tears dimmed the glasses at her eyes so that she could not see. Hastily brushing away the moisture and readjusting them, there stood Geoffrey on deck yet once again. She had seen his face light with a smile as his glasses singled her out from the crowd on shore, his hand had been lifted, pressed to his lips, and waved toward her, then she had turned, her hand dropped at her side, and, "Let us go home, Charles," she had spoken, in a faint voice. She could endure no more.

A month had passed, and a restless energy had taken possession of her; "work," was her cry, and early and late was her time filled. That she should have no chance to think was her one prayer, and a glimmer of happiness alone shone upon her as she noted the success of her efforts on Geoffrey's behalf. So absorbed was she in her own struggle, that she failed to perceive the watchful kindness of Charles Marsden, smoothing her path before her by every means in his power, failed to recognize the softened kindness of Drusilla Hopewell, who better than any one had penetrated her "girl's" trouble.

"Elinor," she once said, "there's somethin' frettin' you, and you musn't take it too hard, dearie. There's ways an' ways, and some's harder nor others, but they'll all come right in the end," and Miss Ames had thrown her arms around the faithful old woman, straining her closely to her, and gratefully recognizing her innate delicacy and love.

Early and late throughout that weary summer, Elinor Ames stood faithfully at her self-appointed post, and things glided on well and smoothly. Gradually, as she became more conversant with her work, it settled down into an every-day fact with which by use she had grown familiar, and she often wondered to herself why it was that many found so hard a struggle, when she had thus far experienced nothing but healthful occupation.

But over the land brooded a fateful, hollow calm, and ominous murmurs, slight, hardly heard as yet, welled up through the deceitful security. Credits became weakened, rumors grew rife, and the air was gradually filled with vague whispers of coming calamity. One by one stanch credits showed a weak spot, time was asked and given once too often, and the banks drew closer their cordon of safety and refused accommodations save to unquestioned security. Legitimate stocks and bonds ran down with alarming rapidity, and shrinkage of values, combined with an overproduction, resulted in depressed markets, a closing of factories, and a general feeling of insecurity.

But, with his usual good fortune, Charles Marsden was enabled to sell out his friend Buckingham's mining stock. There came over the wires one day, in the midst of this general depression, the brave news of a new find—a vein of ore in the Red Gulch mines had been struck that gave rare promise of riches, and the stock took a jump upward that enabled Marsden to sell out, realizing a profit of ten thousand dollars on the fifty thousand of stock he held in trust for his friend. Well satisfied with his success, Charles Marsden locked the hard money within his fireproof, a feeling of distrust prompting this disposition rather than a deposit in the bank, for a few weeks at all events, and a keen outlook was kept for a fortunate chance for reinvestment; for Charles was somewhat of a bear in the stock market, and in the few instances in which he had dabbled in such matters, preferred to invest on a depressed market, trusting to an unexpected rise and a stiff will to make on his margins. Besides, might not Buckingham prefer his money to a reinvestment, as his last letter to his friend hinted at a continued residence in Australia.

Thus matters stood with Charles Marsden when the Phoenix Mill began to feel the first stirrings of the financial storm.

For some time the far-sighted policy of Thomas Sanderson had warded off the evil day, and little had been disbursed beyond running expenses, but gradually the stock on hand had run as low as was consistent with prudence and necessitated large purchases on a falling market, and the notes of the mill were out for forty thousand dollars. True, their assets were far ahead of their debts, but the mails brought letter after letter of discouragement. Notes were extended, overdue bills

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were not paid, as house after house were swallowed up in the crisis of —, and Elinor, almost frantic, saw near at hand the overthrow of her work and the loss of Geoffrey's investment.

Outwardly she kept her usual serenity, bravely looking and hoping for the best, meeting each day's difficulty as it presented itself and overcoming it with the best of her ability, but a chill presentiment held her in its grip, and she was forced to admit that the onward march of Destiny swept on like the car of Juggernaut, crushing beneath its weight the pitiful efforts of mortals to stay its progress.

Late in a gray November afternoon Charles Marsden drove into Windy Point. All was still and solitary. The wind sighed and moaned through the bare branches of the trees, and stirred the dead leaves on the ground beneath with a stealthy rattle; the heavy, fleecy clouds hung low, as though about to discharge their burden upon the waiting world, and the dark water washed up with a desolate sound on the cold, gray stones of the beach. A soft flutter, pointing out the barnyard roosting place, and the voice of an anxious hen-mother clucking encouragement to her brood of chicks, mingling with the creaking of a distant door on rusty hinges, were the sole sounds of life or movement about the place.

For two weeks he had been about on business, and this chill welcome overwhelmed him with a feeling of sadness and depression. There was no light within Windy Point save a ruddy glow from the kitchen window, floating out on the dreary evening air, and toward this spot Charles Marsden wended his way with the assurance of old and privileged friendship. As he laid his hand upon the latch of the door the familiar voice of Drusilla Hopewell greeted him.

"Who's there?" she called.

Charles opened the door and stepped within. Drusilla, seated by the fire with her knitting in her hand, peered forward into the twilight.

"It is I, Drusilla, Charles Marsden; are you all alone?" he questioned, as he shook hands, gently forcing her down into her straight-backed rocking-chair. "No, don't light the lights just now," he continued; "let us sit here in the firelight, and tell me how you have all been since I last saw you. First, how is Elinor?"

To the dismay of Charles, a curious sound between a sniff and a smothered sob issued from the dim figure on the other side of the flame-lighted hearth, and Drusilla's voice spoke savagely:

"It's that nasty business that's doin' it all, Charles; she don't sleep o' nights a woyrin' over it; she don't eat 'nough to keep a bird alive; she's growin' thin an' peaked lookin', an' her face 's 'nough to make you cry with the starved look in her eyes. Oh! don't talk to me of wimen and business; if one's got a hide like a rhinoceros

it's good 'nough, but if they haint the Lord ha' mercy on 'em. I tell you, Charles"—and Drusilla sat upright and dropped her knitting on the floor, where Thomas, the black cat, tangled her ball of yarn unnoticed—"it's a killin' of her, and she'll be in her grave 'fore six months are over her head if it aint stopped somehow;" and stooping down to the rescue of her ball, sent black Thomas scampering with a sounding box on his ear.

The distant sound of a door closing fell upon their ears, and the next moment Elinor's voice, very quiet and weary, greeted them as she entered the kitchen.

"How dark the house is, Drusilla. Light the lamps in the library, and let us have supper. I have letters to write this evening and want every moment of time I can have."

Drusilla cast a glance at Charles.

"Nay, Elinor," he said, stepping out of the gloom and taking her little, cold hands in his warm ones, "I have come to take tea with you if you will have me, and I am selfish enough to want you all to myself this evening."

She drew closer to him with a glad cry of surprise.

"Ah! Charles, how glad I am to see you. I have missed you terribly, and just at the very time when I needed the advice of some business man more than I ever did in my life before."

"And was this the only reason that she had missed him?" was on his lips to ask her, but just then the lamp flashed its light upon her, and he was startled into silence by the change the past three weeks had made in the loved face.

It was true that within the last year Elinor had lost her lovely color, and a subdued sadness had rung through her voice and tinged her usual manner, but now there were dark circles under her eyes, betokening mental anxiety and sleepless nights, the sweet, full mouth was painfully compressed, and the straight brows knitted into furrows of anxious thought. Her manner, too, had curiously changed, and there was an under-current of feverish haste and nervous preoccupation that tortured Charles Marsden with the meaning it conveyed. This was a new Elinor who stood by his side, an anxious, troubled woman, with the despair of an animal driven to bay in her luminous gray eyes, and showing in a furtive interlacing of her slender fingers.

"My God! Elinor, how wretchedly ill you look," broke from him, and the next moment he blamed himself severely for so speaking. He had always considered it in the worst possible taste to remind a person of their ill looks; but Elinor only looked at him, wondering a little at his vehemence, and quietly replied:

"I do not feel ill, Charles, but I have been worried and anxious of late, and I suppose look a little the worse for it, as I have not slept very

well, but you are here now, and I have no doubt but that you can help me to a solution of my difficulties. But come to supper first, and we will talk afterward," and so saying, she led the way to the bright tea-table.

"What a relief it is, Charles," said Elinor, wearily leaning her head back in her easy-chair before the fire—"what a relief it is to have some one to talk to about one's perplexities. It's rather a selfish way of getting rid of troubles to ask some one else to help you carry them, but after all, it seems to me it is the very highest and most sacred prerogative of true friendship."

"Yes," replied Charles, "I agree with you there. We can better dispense with our friends and put up with mere acquaintances when we are happy, but when troubles come, then is the time we cry for our own true friends—that is, of course, if we thoroughly believe in such a thing."

"Surely, you don't quite mean, Charles, that you have but small faith in true friendship?" queried Elinor.

"Selfishness rules the world, Elinor," replied Charles, dryly. "As you grow older and have had more experience of life you will arrive at the same conclusion that I have. The very actions that proceed apparently from the most disinterested motives, if closely examined, show self at the bottom. We do thus and so for a friend because we love them, and it pleases us to bestow a gift on the one we love, but for all that does there not often lurk a faint hope in this that such kindness may win for the giver some much-to-be-desired good in the end?"

"Charles, Charles, hush!" exclaimed Elinor, covering her ears with her hands, "I will not listen to you. I believe, because I *know*, that disinterested friendship can exist. Ah! friend of mine, can you, a living denial of what you say, give me the benefit of your counsel, your moral support and sympathy, and expect me to believe such heresy while you live? As well might you tell me that the sun has become extinguished, and try to make me believe that all is utter darkness when my eyes are dazzled by its golden rays."

Charles shrugged his shoulders in an unbelieving way. Perhaps he was conscious he was not quite as disinterested a friend as she thought him.

There was a silence of a few moments, then Charles looked up suddenly, saying:

"What is the matter, Elinor? what is it that has so worried you of late? Can I help you in any way?"

"Thanks, Charles," answered Elinor, the old look of anxiety darkening her manner once more; "I have wanted so much to talk over matters with you of late. You see, the affairs of the mill have gone so smoothly since Geoffrey left that I had almost grown to think that troubles could never come. Geoffrey really left everything in excel-

lent order and Sanderson has been most faithful. The cry of over-production does not apply to us; on the contrary, we have erred on the side of economy, and in order to meet unexpectedly heavy orders have been obliged to buy much raw material. Now the goods thus manufactured have fallen much in value, owing to the general depression, and we lose on them heavily. Next, and far worse than that, our notes are falling due, and, owing to failures and extensions, we cannot collect the amount needed to meet them. O Charles! my friend, what shall I do?" she exclaimed, despairingly, her self-restraint giving away; "what shall I do to meet these obligations? It is Geoffrey's credit that is at stake, do you hear, Charles?" she continued, rising and pacing the room excitedly—"it is Geoffrey's credit, that he has trusted to me, and I shall ruin it. How shall I ever face him?" She stopped before him, wringing her hands.

"Elinor, my dear," he quietly said, holding her by the power of his glance, "quiet yourself. You are unnecessarily worried. Let us talk it over quietly, and I think I can see how it may be managed."

Yet he had not the faintest idea how this should be done, his first thought being to calm the excited woman at his side. Together they went over long rows of dry figures and dived deeply into the intricacies of the business of the mill, the strong and imperturbable will of Charles acting upon Elinor as a sedative and strengthener; but the liabilities were graver and more serious than even he had imagined, and were pressing menacingly near.

It was late into the night when Charles drove into Monmouth and retired to his chambers, but try as he might, he could not drive the picture of Elinor's distress from his mind. His anger rose and rolled over his spirit in seething waves of burning protest against this man who, all unawares, had stolen the love he craved with his whole soul. He could not but admit to himself that Elinor had unwittingly shown him her inmost spirit, and in mad fury he started to his feet with a curse. The tide had swept away its barriers, carrying all before it in a raging torrent.

"Oh! that I could lay my life at her feet," he groaned; "for what is it worth to me without her love? Curses, I say, upon that smiling boy, who has neither heart nor mind to value such a treasure. Before God and man, I, and I alone, have the right to claim Elinor Ames, and I will never give her up, no, never. Curses on him for ruining her happiness; but it shall not be, for I will save her in spite of herself. No earthly power shall come between us, my love, my dear," and he stopped abruptly in his mad walk.

"Oh!" he groaned, striking his forehead with his hand and stamping his foot—"oh! that I was

not the poor wretch that I am, for you should have my last cent, sweet Elinor; but my hands are tied and I know not what way to turn to help you. Oh! that Buckingham was here! it would be plain enough—my God!" he exclaimed, and suddenly starting he drew himself together with a piercing glare that was awful to see; he appeared as though fronting an unsuspected enemy. In his agitation he shook from head to foot, and his teeth chattered together as though he was under the influence of a chill.

What was it that confronted the terrible gaze of this man? Nothing but the little fireproof in the wall.

Slowly he withdrew his eyes and looked about him with a stealthy, furtive glance. The perspiration stood on his brow in big drops, and, sinking into a chair, he covered his face. By and by his hands dropped, disclosing a face drawn into deep lines of misery, and leaning his arms on his knees he sat, with clinched hands, thinking—thinking, as the hours went by, scarcely moving, save by an occasional long-drawn sigh.

The night sped on, marked by the deep tones of the clock as it rang out the passing hours; still he sat immovable. The first gray streak of dawn showed itself over the eastern horizon, but failed to rouse him. After awhile the sun came up and passed his magic wand over the sleeping town, and life began to stir in the deserted streets. Yet still he sat like an effigy of stone. Then the bird, in his cage by the window, awoke, and, pluming himself, burst into a series of broken notes, half trills, calls, and answers, and finally sung forth a glorious morning greeting. Charles looked up and strangely gazed about him, and as his eyes lighted upon the little songster, he arose quickly, and, with a savage gesture, thrust the cage and bird into a dark closet, then, throwing on his hat, went out into the streets; the silence of his room was oppressive and solitude filled him with a nameless dread.

He walked as though in a dream, mechanically answering salutations, and even replying to a client who met him with an accurate answer. Presently he looked at his watch—nine o'clock and breakfast time. Still, with the same strange feeling of having become a machine, he entered the restaurant where he was in the habit of taking his meals and ordered as usual, and mildly wondered at himself as he laughed at a joke of his right-hand neighbor. But the food turned him sick, and without touching it he arose and went out, and the fiend that sat in his heart was still with him. In his office and in court he managed to struggle through the day, and for a few hours the harpy that fed on his life seemed appeased.

Late in the afternoon he drove once more into Windy Point.

"Elinor was sick," Drusilla said, "and she didn't think she could see him, but she would ask;" and laying her hand upon his arm, whispered these ominous words in his ear: "The doctor says he can't do anything for her, for it's mind worry 'stead o' body, and if she aint let up on soon he won't answer for what'll happen."

"Drusilla," he said, gripping her arm until she winced, "I will not disturb her to-night, but listen well to what I say. Tell her I have good news for her and that"—he stopped for a moment and then went on—"but stay, I will write her;" and he hastily penned these lines:

"DEAR ELINOR:—Sleep calmly to-night in the assurance of good fortune. I have succeeded in making arrangements whereby you will have paid to your account at your bankers the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars to meet immediate notes, and the same parties stand ready to loan you as much more if necessary, as they consider it a good investment. I shall be glad to see you as soon as possible, but until that time spend your days in regaining strength, and, above all, do not worry any more. Yours, faithfully,

"CHARLES."

In vain Drusilla urged him to remain to supper, but he turned from all her solicitations and went forth into the darkness, experiencing a curious feeling of gratitude that he could hide himself from the eye of man.

The next day the bank account of the Phoenix Mill was swelled by the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars, and Charles Marsden felt himself a branded man.

In that horrible night vigil in which the turgid atmosphere of wrong had settled down over his moral being thicker than the darkness of nature over the world outside, Charles Marsden had weighed and balanced his situation in every possible manner.

The natural concentration of his temperament had rendered his love for Elinor Ames the exclusive passion of his life, the strength of his affection for her becoming something almost terrible, and, to a person of less depth of passion, utterly incomprehensible. His cool-headed judgment and self-knowledge left him no loophole of escape from the facing of an ugly fact. The sacrifice of his honor was terrifying to this man of probity, the risk was fearful of trusting to the year ahead, until Geoffrey should be able to liquidate his own debts, and the penalty of detection overwhelmed him. On the other hand, it was greatly due to his advice—honestly given, it was true, but now proved to have been a mistake—that the woman he worshiped with all his strength was placed in this dreadful position, and he saw no other way opened for him in the short time that was left to give her aid.

Thus the scales went up and down all through that dreadful night, a human soul hanging in the balance; the reasons for, counterbalanced by a corresponding weight on the other side, left the poise so nearly even that it needed but the weight of a feather to turn the balance either way, and that one thing was found by him at Windy Point in Elinor's illness and Drusilla's gloomy predictions. From that time all was clear to him, and he never once swerved from his purpose to the right or the left.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RESTLESS AT EVENTIDE.

O H! why are the children restless
At the hour of eventide?—
Romping and wild with frolic,
And ever unsatisfied?

'Tis a story so sweet and olden
I wonder you do not know,
Of life that was fair and golden
In the shadowy long ago.

'Tis fragrant with buds of beauty
And bright with a cloudless sky,
Where blossomed earth's only Eden—
Ah me! that it e'er should die.

Each day was a gem from Heaven,
With ever some glad surprise—
Kisses of God on the first-born—
The children of Paradise.

But oft as the sunset splendor
Its halo of glory burned,
For a bliss that was more than earthly
Their spirits with longing yearned.

For alway at earliest twilight,
When the evening was cool and sweet,
Was heard in the beautiful garden
The sound of the dear Lord's feet.

He came as the loved one cometh,
With form that was known and near,
And He talked with His sinless creatures
That loved Him and felt no fear.

O beautiful life of Eden!
O heaven-touched eventide!
'Tis the glow of Thy glory shining
Through the ages that divide.

Yet not to the worldly cometh
This glimpse of the Eden bower,
But ever to children only,
As of old at the evening hour.

'Tis then for the Master's presence
Unconsciously still they wait,
For the children only a little
Have wandered from Eden's gate.

And the holy and blest communion
Denied to a sinful race,
Still gladdens the children's angels
Beholding the Father's face.

Can we wonder that they are restless,
When tasks of the day are o'er,
Who miss in their hearts the Master
That comes as of old no more?

Oh! win ye the bright-eyed children
With many a fond device,
And make of this evening hour
Their hour in Paradise.

C. A. HOBBS.

MOUNTAINS.—Pretenders to longevity usually turn out upon strict inquiry to be hoary impostors. They are not half so aged in reality as they make themselves out to be. Mountains, themselves, for all their show of antiquity, form no exception to this almost universal rule of evidence. The eternal hills have no proper claim to the honors of eternity; some of them, indeed, which now hold their heads very high in the world and go in for coronets of snow and diadems of ice and so forth (for particulars of which see the poets), are really of very modern origin, and cannot show half so good a pedigree, after all, as many an unobtrusive little granite knoll upon which they look down with sublime scorn from the proud height of their parvenu complacency. "As old as the hills" seems to most of us the extreme limit of possible age; and yet, since all created things must needs, at some time, have had a beginning, it is immediately obvious to the meanest capacity—and much more, then, to the courteous reader—that even the eternal hills themselves must, in their own time, have slowly passed through the various stages of infancy, childhood, adolescence, and full maturity. Old as they are, they have yet once been young and foolish; gray as they are, they have yet once been green and grassy; solemn as they are, they have yet once indulged in a boisterous, noisy, and even skittish, youth, before settling down by slow degrees into the sober respectability of middle age. There are small hillocks in these islands of Britain that were already great mountains while the Alps and the Himalayas still lay slumbering sweetly beneath half a mile of superincumbent ocean. Indeed, as a general rule, it may be said that the biggest mountains are very new and that the oldest mountains are very small. Size is here no criterion of age, for when once a mountain has ceased growing and attained maturity, it begins to grow down again by mere wear and tear, until at last wind and weather, rain and river, have slowly beaten it back to the level of the plain from which it sprang.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*



BILL JUDGE.

TWO small boys were scuffling and fighting in a dirty street in the neighborhood of a great thoroughfare in the heart of London. A third boy, with his fingers jammed into his eyes, stood yelling at the top of his voice, pausing at intervals to sob forth his complaint:

"I didn't do nothink to 'im! I'll tell my father!"

Nobody heeded him. At last, in his extremity he devised another method of extricating himself from his unpleasant position.

"Ere's the copper a comin'!" he roared, pulling hold of the nearest boy, who had just succeeded in knocking his adversary down, and taking away from him a little old basket with a broken handle.

"Ere's the copper a comin'!" shouted boy three again. Upon which the enemy, without a word, picked himself out of the gutter and set off down the street as fast as he could run.

"Where is 'e?" asked the conqueror, coughing and gasping for breath. He had a certain jaunty way of skipping about, with his chin in the air, that was strangely out of keeping with his tattered clothes. His face was scratched, and there was a great swelling on his forehead, but he scorned to notice such trifles. In the whole region of Crook Court, where he lived, there wasn't a pluckier boy of his size than Bill Judge—his size was lamentably small considering his seven years! This, for once, was a righteous quarrel; he had fought for the basket which had been ruthlessly stolen from its owner by the court bully, he had gained the victory by fair means, and he wasn't going to turn coward now, not even for a policeman—at least, not till he was well in sight.

"Where is 'e?" he asked again, looking round. It was a dirty narrow street, with here and there a little den of a shop, with broken windows and old clothes flying from the doorway. A few yards farther down there were some half-dozen stalls,

brightly lighted with jets of flaming naphtha. Round the stalls was collected a mass of men and women, screaming and bargaining, but the place where the children stood was comparatively deserted.

"I don't see nothink of the copper!"

"'Cos he aint a comin'!" answered the other boy. He was quite as big as Bill in stature, but miles behind him in courage and dexterity. Though he was still crying, his face was clean compared to his companion's; his clothes were decently patched, while Bill's trousers and jacket hung about him in rags, and his feet were encased in a pair of old boots—much too big—through the soles of which the mud and rain penetrated at will.

"Wot did yer say so for?"

"To get rid of 'im"

Bill shoved his hands deep into his trouser pockets, or at least the holes where the pockets should have been, and whistled. The stranger was rising fast in his estimation.

"You're a nice young shaver, aint yer?" he said, reflectively. "Wot's yer name?"

"'Gustus Yeatman."

"Well, yer'd better git back to yer mother wot yer 'ave been screechin' for, 'Gustus, and don't come hout no more with them valuables."

"It's my dinner," said 'Gustus, looking at his new friend with eyes that were round with curiosity.

"Eat it up quick and 'a done with it!" was Bill's advice, with a view to the probable return of the enemy. So saying, he turned away and sauntered across the street.

"I sa—ay," cried 'Gustus, prolonging the word, after the manner of a true cockney, and Bill halted promptly; "father sent me on a arrand, so mother give me my dinner. Aint yer 'ungry? Come on and I'll give yer 'alf."

Bill's eyes glistened; in very truth, he had

had no dinner that day, and but little the day before. Now that he came to reflect upon it, he was very hungry and cold and sore, and wet into the bargain. He made no objection to sharing the contents of the basket (for which he had valiantly struggled), and he and his new friend sat down on a sheltered doorstep, screwing up their feet so as to avoid the dripping from the ledges overhead, and made a gorgeous meal off a slice of currant dumpling that careful Mrs. Yeatman had prepared for her only child.

It was getting dusk, the fog crept up, and the lights on the stalls began to look blurred. The doorstep was wet and muddy, but the boys were well satisfied with their retreat, and remained talking long after Bill had licked the last crumb from the newspaper in which the pudding had been packed. By this time they had become very intimate, and Bill knew that 'Gustus's father was a steady workman in good wages—a bit strict, and that 'Gustus lived in mortal fear of displeasing him, though mother always took his part when things went wrong.

"Where's yer mother gone?" asked 'Gustus, as he prepared to take leave of his champion.

Bill waved his grimy little hand in the air. "She's off," he said; "she aint been to work this week no' more. It was father wot druv 'er to it," he added, confidentially.

"Druv 'er to wot?"

"Drink," replied Bill, with composure; "and he aint been nigh us since I was a little 'un that 'igh," measuring about two feet up the doorpost.

Augustus Yeatman was too well used to this state of affairs to be astonished at Bill's statement. However, he was seized with an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps his father mightn't take kindly to his new acquaintance. But he didn't like to say so, and he parted from Bill with many promises that they should meet again.

Bill hung about the streets till he was tired out, and then he crept back to the house in the court, where his mother rented a back attic. The only entrance to Crook Court was through a low archway; to-night it was close and damp. Indeed, the place was always shrouded in a cloud of unwholesome fog, which, even in summer, no sunbeam pierced and no breeze lifted. The court was very narrow; it swarmed with half-starved, ragged children, playing and fighting in the gutter from morning to night. The houses stood round grim and high; they may have seen better days; it would have been hard to say. One or two of them had some battered remains of carving over the doorways, but now they were given over to lodgers of the lowest class. For years and years their windows had been broken, their woodwork rotten, their walls and ceilings discolored with dirt and ill-usage, and their roofs saturated with

wet. Their very floors were crumbling away, bit by bit, under the weary footsteps of the tenants—men and women who spent their lives crowded and huddled together, without joy and without hope. Two or three untidy women were gossiping on the door-step as Bill slunk by, with only a word to Jim Jackson and the twins, anxious to escape notice; for one of the women was the landlady, and in the absence of his mother she might fall to abuse him because a week's rent was owing. The staircase was exceedingly dark, the damp was oozing through the walls, every now and then there was a hole in the boards. The stairs were particularly rickety after you had passed the second floor, but Bill knew his way; he escaped one pitfall after another, and the more-imminent peril of having a pail of dirty water thrown at his head by the landlady's mother, who was seldom strictly sober at this time of the evening. He reached his destination at last—it was nothing but a slip of a garret, almost empty, with a sloping roof, through which the rain leaked in several places.

Mrs. Judge worked at a great paper manufactory. She was a quick hand, and had she been steady might have earned a decent living for herself and her child. Unfortunately, she was not that way inclined, and the greater part of her wages went in gin. Sometimes work was so slack that she and half-a-dozen others would be turned off at a moment's notice. On these occasions Mrs. Judge would go on the tramp, hay-making or hop-picking, as the case might be. Just now, of course, there was no hay to make and no hopping to be done; but she had gone off, nevertheless. When she was working at the factory she was forced to keep sober, at least for the last days of the week—Sunday and Monday didn't count. It was a grievous life to live; to be beaten and neglected and half starved. Seven years old! and he had never had as much dinner as he could eat or worn a decent jacket; worse still, he had never had any one to love him or to care what befell him.

So the long winter months rolled by. Mrs. Judge came back and went to the factory; she took less notice of Bill than ever, but he managed to scrape along somehow and be happy, though his cough grew worse and worse and the pain in his chest kept him awake at night. His friendship for Augustus Yeatman thrived steadily in spite of hindrances. The boys met at odd corners and at odd times, and 'Gustus, who had told his mother part of Bill's history, often brought him scraps of food, though he dared not ask him home, not till he got some tidy clothes. Yet he was exceedingly proud of his new acquaintance up to a certain point. Himself a dull, cowardly kind of boy, he appreciated Bill's readiness to the full, and regarded his knowledge of the London streets with an admiration that would have horrified his

father had he known of it. On the days when the friends had feasted together in some out-of-the-way corner and Bill was equal to the exertion, he would perform the most wonderful extemporaneous dances for 'Gustus's benefit, singing and clapping his hands, and finally standing on his head till he was stopped by a violent fit of coughing; and Augustus believed him to be the greatest acrobat that the world had yet produced. Now and then, as the weather began to mend, they strolled together as far as the park, where they lay on the damp grass

shine, when he found himself in the immediate neighborhood of a barrow full of plants; he did not know the names of any of them, but he stopped to gaze, open-eyed.

"Ullo! Young shaver, you moind the barrer a minute!" cried the coster, and as Bill ran toward him he recognized the man—he lived in Crook Court. "I'm agoin' in to 'ave a drop o' beer," continued the coster, in a very hoarse voice; "you just look after them pots, and don't take yer heyes off of 'em till I comes back."



THE FIGHT.

staring up into the sky—of which they ordinarily saw so little—as happy as two young princes. And here it was, watching the labors of a gardener who was planting crocus bulbs, that the love of flowers and the desire to possess a plant of his own first found a place in Bill's heart—just to have one little bright-colored flower in a pot to carry home and water and look after! The new idea took so firm a hold of him that he would wander about the streets for hours, looking at the flower-shops and stalls and envying their fortunate possessors. One day he was dawdling along as usual, feeling chilly in spite of the bright sun—

Bill nodded a joyful assent, and the man disappeared through the swing-door of a magnificent-looking public-house. Whether it was five minutes that he stayed, or ten, Bill did not know, but the coster returned long before he had done walking round the truck and admiring its contents.

"Oh mo-y!" he said at last, "aint they growin' lovely?"

The coster was a kindly natured person, whose voice belied him; he searched among the small plants at the back of the barrow and brought out a sturdy geranium-cutting in a four-inch pot. "You can 'ave that geranium, Bill, if yer loike,"

he said, huskily, "'cos as you was kind to my little 'un t'other day, my missis said. And you aint but a little 'un yourself!" he continued, looking at Bill's white face and the thin hands that were eagerly stretched toward him; "put it in the sun and it'll git as big as a bush and flower beautiful, loike a gen'leman's conservatory."

Hiding the little plant under his ragged jacket, tenderly nursing it as if it were some live animal, Bill ran home with a joyful heart. Luckily his mother was out, and he had no one to interfere



A TUSSELE.

with him as he examined the cutting minutely, counting its leaves and finally, in his raptures, embracing the four-inch pot! Having made up his mind that the bud (there was but one, so far) must blossom in a day or so, he looked about him for a safe hiding-place for his treasure. There was no table to stand it on, besides, so many of the window-panes were broken and the gaps filled up with rags and paper, that the room was far too dark. It must have sun, the man had said, and light and air. He pushed up the rickety window-sash and looked out; there was a gutter choked

with rubbish and a narrow stone coping, broken in many places. Bill had often crept along here in chase of cats, and he knew that it led to a steep roof that he could not climb. But a little way along the gutter there was a chimney-pot, which had got lodged there long ago during a storm, and no one had troubled to put it in its place again. Here, in the shelter of the chimney, so that nobody looking out of a window could observe it, was the hiding-place he wanted. With trembling hands clutching his burden, he stole along the gutter and placed it safely between the wall and the chimney-pot, where it would be screened from the wind and the smuts, and where—yes! he thought so—it would get the morning sun. He retraced his steps, fetched a cracked jug, and watered the geranium. Then he tore himself away, fearful that his mother would come and discover his secret.

From that time forth Bill stayed more at home. On the days when he knew he should be alone, he pulled the stool against the door by way of a barricade (there was no handle and no key) and sallied out in search of his plant. Never did a little geranium flourish better than this one of Bill's! Whether the costermonger had really lighted upon the best in his stock, or whether it was owing to its careful tending, there was nobody to tell, but before many weeks were over it was a mass of scarlet blossom, and its stalks were putting forth strong green leaves in every direction. Then Bill lay in wait for the friendly coster and begged a little mold and a larger pot; and the geranium continued to prosper, even after this promiscuous replanting.

Bill had confided his secret to Augustus Yest-man, and had gone so far as to bring him surreptitiously up to the garret to gaze upon his treasure. After this, Augustus also became anxious to possess a flower. One day he met Bill in triumph, and told him how his father knew a man at Covent Garden market who had brought him a geranium, and father had paid for it, and it was as big, oh! quite as big as Bill's and much more beautiful, and mother wanted him to try for a prize later on in the summer when prizes were given away at the school, for the best plants that had been reared by the children of the parish. Bill listened and sympathized, but he did not venture to ask if he might go back and see the rival geranium, and Augustus (knowing that his parents were against his speaking to ragged boys) did not invite him to come. Sometimes he almost wished that he had never met Bill at all; it would be so awkward if he ever came across him when his father was anywhere about. And Bill sat alone in the garret and forgot his hunger—indeed, he never felt very hungry now, as he used to do—in the contemplation of his beautiful plant.

Sometimes the sparrows came and hopped on

the broken parapet, but they never fancied scarlet geranium blossoms for their dinner, so Bill let them be. Once a magnificent pigeon with a green and violet neck came by mistake and spent the afternoon on the very top of the dislodged chimney pot, cooing and puffing himself out, to Bill's intense delight! He was glad, too, at night when the stars shone—he never noticed them before (he used to sleep better, to be sure)—and there was one bright star that seemed to shine right down on to his plant and watch it till the sun rose. It was a very hot summer; there was hardly a breath of air to breathe in the stuffy court. Bill's cough grew worse, and even his mother began to notice that he didn't get about as usual. It was hard on a poor woman, she said, who was used shameful and deserted by her 'usband, to have a whining sick child into the bargain. But the landlady was sorry for the bright-faced boy and brought him tea and scraps of bread; she even went the length of saying that she would take him to the hospital one of these days, but she always forgot.

Bill had by this time thoroughly considered the subject of the flower-show, and after much meditation had come to the conclusion that he would take his geranium there. It followed as a matter of course that it would win a prize, and then his mother might be pleased, and it would not be necessary any longer to make a mystery of his gardening propensities. The thing to be done now was to find 'Gustus, and through him to learn all particulars. He knew that the prizes were to be given away on the following Monday afternoon; 'Gustus had said so, but the question was, would they let him in, all those grand gentlemen, in his ragged jacket, without more ado? He must certainly get 'Gustus to tell him more about it; but in vain he loitered at the corners of the streets where he had been wont to meet his friend; there was no 'Gustus to be seen. The days slipped by; at last it was Saturday, and he was still as far off as ever from finding out what he wanted to know. None of the neighbors cared anything about flower-shows, and his mother, who might, under the circumstances, have helped him, had gone hay-making, and he didn't know when she would be back. He had passed a very bad night; but he got up early, toiled down-stairs to the pump in the court, and filled the cracked jug with water; it would not do to neglect his charge now that the prize day was so near at hand. He turned the pot round and round; was there ever such a well-grown plant or one that had so many blossoms for its size? He was only a little uneasy because the large bud in the middle was rather slow in coming out. Saturday, Sunday, Monday; it had still nearly three days to grow, and it could do a great deal in three days, as he knew from experience.

There was nothing for his breakfast that morning, and he went out feeling faint and giddy. He

had not even attempted to climb the parapet a second time, he would leave his geranium on the floor. At the door he turned to take a parting look; there it stood, a bright-colored patch in the dingy room, and Bill went away perfectly satisfied.

The day seemed very long, the streets were hot and noisy, and he found no trace of Augustus. At last, in desperation, he went close to the house where the Yeatmans lived, and lingered about till a woman on the door-step inquired what he wanted. Driven to an extremity, he asked if Augustus Yeatman lived anywhere near.

"Yes, he do, and he's hout. I see 'im go along of his father, not an hour ago."

"Which way did 'e go?" asked Bill, eagerly.



THE TWINS.

"Ow should I know!" answered the woman, crossly; but a child playing with oyster shells in a gutter looked up and pointed in the direction of a large red-brick building at the end of the street and whispered, "I seed 'em go in there, I did."

Glad to get any information as to his friend's whereabouts, Bill went on to the house to which the child had pointed. Here he found a small crowd of boys and girls waiting to be let in. On a board was written up in large letters, "Entrance free." Just at that moment some one opened the door, and Bill got carried inside by the crowd before he well knew what had befallen him.

It was a large room; one part of it was full of forms arranged in rows; at the farther end was a

platform decorated with red cloth, where sat some half a dozen gentlemen. On a table behind them was a quantity of flowers in pots; fuschias, roses, calceolarias, and a great many others that Bill had never seen before. It was a lovely sight! The front benches were already filled, but Bill got a seat some little distance from the door. "Wot's up?" he asked of his neighbor, a boy about as big as himself.

"The flower-show, you stupid," returned the boy, "and my brother's a goin' to git foive bob!"

Bill was glad that he'd come now. 'Gustus had never told him that there were to be two flower-shows; he felt rather dazed (the room was so hot)

make his way in the direction of the platform. "'Gustus might 'ave told me 'e was going in for it to-day!" thought Bill, though he was delighted, after all, that his friend was so lucky.

The gentleman took a small geranium from the table, and held it in one hand while he made a little speech. "It does you great credit, my lad," he said. "I hope that we shall see you again another year. In the meantime, Augustus Yeatman, I have much pleasure in handing over to you your well-earned prize and your flower."

A shriek rang through the room.

"It's moine; 'taint his at all. It's moine!"

Augustus turned pale, and stood stock still, while the gentlemen looked with astonishment at



PASTIME.

as he sat on the bench waiting to hear what the gentlemen would say. There was among them an old, gray-haired parson; Bill liked the look of him; he said a few kind words, and another gentleman made a speech, which Bill couldn't hear properly for the swimming in his head, and then the prizes were given away. One child after another walked up to the platform and received a prize, some ten shillings, some five shillings, and some half a crown.

Bill was at the end of a bench; he leant his head against the wall in his attempt to stifle a fit of coughing; he didn't notice much what was going on; but at last he heard the gentleman call out in a clear voice, "Augustus Yeatman. Second prize for the best-grown scarlet geranium."

With a mighty effort Bill sat up and looked about him. He saw 'Gustus in his Sunday jacket and clean collar, his hair all neat and shining,

a ragged little street Arab, who was forcing himself a passage through the crowd.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he asked. "Augustus Yeatman," (referring to a slip of paper), "is not this geranium your plant?"

Augustus was crying violently by this time; he had caught sight of his father, standing bolt upright close to the platform. "Yer, sir, yes!" he sobbed.

"Then what do you mean by interfering with him, boy?" demanded the gentleman, turning an eye of scorn on Bill, who was indeed a most unsightly object, with his shock head of hair and his dirty face.

"It's moine," he shouted, beside himself with rage, casting looks of longing on the plant that had been so cruelly stolen from him. He had counted its leaves that very day; shouldn't he know his own geranium even in a strange place?

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"This won't do at all," said the gentleman, turning to consult the old clergyman. In that brief moment, when the two boys were left confronting each other, Augustus whispered through his tears: "Don't yer tell on me, Bill, don't tell? Father'd kill me if he knowed. He's coming; don't tell, *don't!*"

By this time a man who was in charge of the flowers had seized hold of Bill, while Augustus Yeatman's father strode up to the platform, demanding that the boy should be made to speak out. The plant belonged to his son; he had given it to him himself. The young scamp should be made to speak out, or he'd know the reason why.

All of Bill's sharp wits were to the fore now. In his excitement he had forgotten his pains and his giddiness. Quick as a flash of lightning, he saw and understood what had happened. His friend had deceived him, it was clear enough; but that was no reason why he should turn traitor too. Immediately his determination was taken; he would give up his rights for the sake of Augustus.

"Now, boy," said the gentleman, after endeavoring very unsuccessfully to appease the wrath of Augustus Yeatman, senior, "do you still say that the plant is yours?"

"No, sir," faltered Bill, and Augustus stopped crying at once.

"What made you say that his property was yours?"

Bill hung his head. "'Twas a loie," he muttered.

"Then you give up all claim to it?"

Bill did not seem to understand, so the gentleman reconstructed his question: "Then you *now* say" (tapping the geranium pot roughly, so that a leaf fell to the ground), "you now say that this belongs to Augustus Yeatman, and not to you?"

"Yes, sir," muttered Bill. He made a feint of dropping his cap, and as he picked it up he picked up the fallen leaf, and hid it up his sleeve.

"'Twas a — loie," he added, making use of an adjective that he heard a hundred times a day in Crook Court.

"Then you're a most wicked, unprincipled lad!" shouted the gentleman, waxing hot with virtuous indignation, "and you can consider yourself fortunate that I do not send you before a magistrate. How do you dare to come here, using improper language, and attempting to thieve? Burtinshaw, remove the boy at once, and see him off the premises."

"Stay, stay a moment," whispered the old clergyman; "the child looks very ill."

"Nothing of the sort; he is a regular wicked, bad boy. You are too easily imposed upon, my dear sir. Remove the boy, Burtinshaw."

So Bill was removed, and not very tenderly, by

Burtinshaw, who gave him a good shaking, and put him down outside the door, with a caution that if he didn't look out he'd come to the gallus some day.

Still the old clergymen was not satisfied, and on the way home he imparted his doubts to his nephew, a young barrister, who had been a witness of the scene.

"Indeed, uncle, it's all right," said the nephew, a square-chinned, gray-eyed man. He was rich and clever, and strong and young, and he naturally thought a great deal of his own opinion.

"Don't distress yourself. I know something about that class of boy, and I can tell you that I never saw a more thoroughgoing young reprobate in all my experience. It's a regular plant his coming here and trying to get the prize, and I do believe that he has been successful in making you, at least, sympathize with him!"

"I do not see why he should have volunteered such a statement without any reason," observed the old man, "and he looked sadly ill."

"Oh! he's all right, uncle. Set your mind at rest. *That* boy ill! Not he!" laughed the nephew; and if it had not been that he cherished a considerable amount of affection for his uncle, he would have added, "Stuff and rubbish! I can't imagine how you can be so foolish."

In the meantime, Bill Judge staggered along without clearly knowing where he was going. His first idea was to get away from the schoolroom and the angry gentleman and the porter as soon as possible. Before he had gone many yards distant thunder rumbled, heavy rain began to fall, and in a few minutes he was wet through to the skin. Shivering with cold, stopping every now and then to gasp for breath when his cough came on with violence, he went on till he found himself at the entrance of the court. For once it was deserted; the pelting rain had dispersed the knot of idlers that generally hung about the house doors. It was a weary, weary way up stairs! More than once he had to sit down and rest. At last he reached the top. The attic door stood wide open; there was no one there. He had been afraid that his mother might have come back unexpectedly. In the dim light he could see the exact place where he had last stood to look at his plant. 'Gustus must have stolen up here and fetched it away soon after he went out. He took the faded leaf that he had picked up from the schoolroom floor and put it to his face. How good it smelt, even that one little dead leaf! He hoped that 'Gustus would take care of his geranium, now that he knew what it was worth. Up to this time he had kept back his tears manfully, but now they burst forth all at once, nearly choking him with their violence. His head ached, his eyes ached. Still holding the leaf tight in his fingers, he tottered to the

mattress, and stretched himself full length on the floor. Once or twice he started up screaming, Was that 'Gustus? He was fast loosing consciousness; his teeth chattered; then he sank down again on the floor, insensible. Meanwhile, the storm broke overhead with renewed fury, and the lightning flashed.

On Sunday evening the old clergyman and his nephew were taking supper with their intimate friend, the parish doctor. Before the meal was half over the doctor was called away; a child in Crook Court was dangerously ill, and the doctor's assistant was gone for his holiday.

"Shocking bad neighborhood," said the doctor, as he rose from his chair. "I had a case there a few weeks ago. I must ask you to excuse me."

"I will come with you," said the old clergyman.

"No, no; not at this time of night," remonstrated the doctor. But the old clergyman, gentle as he was, insisted upon accompanying the doctor: if he went, why, his nephew must go too, if only to see him safe home again. So the three sallied forth together, the doctor taking the precaution to look if his stethoscope was in his hat before he started.

Arrived at Crook Court, they were led up a dilapidated staircase (reeking with damp and foul odors) by their guide, a ragged child of six or seven years old.

With some difficulty they toiled to the very top, the doctor uttering maledictions on the heads of the landlord and the parish authorities at every step; and the old clergyman thinking that he had spent seventy years in London, and had never seen the like of this before!

At the door they were met by the landlady. She seemed to recognize the doctor by instinct, and she put up with the other gentlemen as being his friends.

"He's mortal bad, sir," she said, and drew back.

The doctor and his friends entered; a paraffin lamp was flaring: on a mattress in a corner lay a little boy breathing heavily, supported by a decent-looking woman in a shabby bonnet and shawl. By her side crouched another boy; his face was white with terror; clutched tight in his grasp, he held a scarlet geranium in a pot.

The doctor approached the group, and the woman looked up with an expression of relief, eagerly answering his few direct questions to the best of her ability. The examination was soon over; the doctor gave his directions and helped the woman tenderly to put the dying child in a more comfortable position.

"Can he not be moved from this terrible place to the hospital or to my house?" asked the old clergyman, anxiously.

"It's too late," was the brief answer; "he won't live through the night."

"It's the same lad!" muttered the old clergyman, in despair. A few words to the barrister, and he prepared to set off in search of certain remedies that the doctor said must be tried at once. At the door he paused. Just then the boy opened his eyes.

"'Gustus!" he whispered; "'Gustus, is that you?"

"Bill!" cried 'Gustus, trembling, "I've brought it back! Look! mother and me 'ave brought it. I never thought as you'd go and take on so—ere it is, and 'ere's the five bob. I aint kep' nothink back."

He thrust the flower right in front of his friend; the woman would have interfered, but the doctor motioned to her to be silent.

Bill raised himself on the mattress; an expression of great happiness lighted up his poor little thin face. "I knowed as 'ow you'd come," he said, with intense content. Then, turning his eyes slowly toward the geranium, he stretched forth his hands, crying, joyfully: "Look, look, 'Gustus! the big bud's hout at last!" and so fell back into the doctor's arms and died.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," prayed the old clergyman, with bowed head, in the silence of the attic. The barrister went his way, with tears in his eyes, stumbling down the broken staircase. In his heart he registered a vow that henceforth he would devote some part of his life, at least, to laboring among the children of the London poor.

God help him in his work!

NOVEMBER.

THE wind comes wailing, like a voice forlorn,
Through frosty meadows, tenantless and drear,

The leafless boughs are grieving, and the corn
Makes no more rustling music to the ear.

The corn is garnered, and, in pastures near,
The cricket-pipes are silenced one by one—

The merry cricket-pipings shrill and clear—
And harvest revels in the fields are done.

Thou com'st so soon, O autumn! and art gone
So soon, so soon—e'en now the meadow-rills

Catch the dull look of winter; now, at dawn,
The snow-clouds hang above the northern hills;

Nature, her charms to ashen grayness yields,
And death creeps noiselessly across the fields.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

REASON sometimes misleads us, feeling sometimes misleads us; the wise man corrects the one by the other.

HOW TO DRESS BECOMINGLY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

BRIDAL TROUSSEAU.

PROSPECTIVE brides are proverbially thin and "out of looks," and the principal reason for this undesirable condition may be found in the toil and worry of getting ready to be married. Even the favored few who "put things out" to be made have their troubles and disappointments; and the mistake lies in supposing that it is impossible to be properly married without laying in a stock of clothes that would provide for the permanent stopping of all the mills and other industries.

Dozens upon dozens of this, and dozens upon dozens of that; the American merchant's daughter insists upon aping royalty itself in this important episode of her life, if the entire resources of the family are exhausted for the time being. The endless shopping and fitting and trying on and stitching are bad enough for those with abundant means and vitality, but when it is in connection with slender purses and slender health, the effect is most disastrous.

American extravagance has no parallel, and at one "marriage in high life" the bride was said to have, among other piles of superfluous clothing, a dozen pairs of silk stockings apiece to every one of her morning dresses! With other things in the same proportion, trunk-makers must have reaped a harvest in providing receptacles for this exuberant trousseau.

A little bride who married a young clergyman, and went to try the experiment of living among the New Hampshire hills on nothing in particular was much more interesting. Some rational being—for people usually take leave of their senses in the matter of wedding presents—sent her a check for twenty-five dollars, and sent it betimes, that it might be used in the preparations. On the strength of this, mamma dropped a hoarded gold eagle into the little pink palm; sister Lou produced a mysterious five dollar greenback—the mystery being solved when she wore her old winter bonnet again; and the three women cried breathlessly, "A black silk dress!"

No one had dared to think of it before, it seemed so utterly unattainable, brilliantine or cashmere being the nearest approach to it yet indulged in; but what firmer foundation could a bride possibly have in the way of wardrobe than a good black silk dress? It was worth its weight in gold, and was always ladylike and becoming.

Away went mother and daughter to the city—for they lived in a village—at the earliest possible opportunity, and for the time being they gave the whole of their minds to the selection of that black silk dress. The forty dollars must cover everything, to the very sewing silk and skirt-

braided, for never had such a sum been expended in the family before on any one dress. Do you wish to know how they managed it?

In the first place, they did not ask for heavy black silk, knowing that even high-priced goods of this description are sometimes stuffed out with cotton or dye stuffs. The latter especially give an appearance of thickness and strength, but injure the texture, so that the new dress soon frays or cracks or looks shiny in places in the most unexpected manner. Our village ladies modestly requested to be shown a good black silk of medium price; and after visiting three or four of the best dry goods stores they found what they wanted. Before purchasing, however, they took home samples, and tried them carefully by the following rules:

There are several ways by which black silk can be judged. Look carefully at the evenness of the rib by holding it to the light. This shows the texture. Then crush the material in the hand and release it suddenly. It should spring out suddenly and leave no crease. This is called the *verve*, and denotes the quality of silk. The Chinese silk is deficient in *verve* and is the poorest. Silk manufactured with jute is very deficient in *verve*, and if wetted, stiffens like paper.

Heavy crispness is not essential to wear or beauty. A silk, to be lasting, should not be stiff. A *gross grain* should be light, though full in the hand. The *grain* need not be examined so closely as the floss pulled out of it. When no opportunity offers for doing this, the specimen should be pinched on the cross, then pulled in a contrary direction. If the cross looks like a fold in paper, that piece should not be selected; but if it readily smooths out the silk is good. The presence of iron in the dye can be detected by touching the sample with the tip of the tongue.

A soft, lovely piece of silk was found that answered all these requirements, and, as a great bargain, they got it at two dollars a yard. By judicious use of black calico and old silk underneath, seventeen yards could be made to answer; and with this, and a new stylish pattern to cut it by, the two sisters sat down to their pleasant task. The dress was beautifully fitted and made, and it proved a thorough triumph of skill and economy, the expenditure being entirely covered by the sum in hand.

The moral of this story is, that a black silk dress makes the best possible beginning for a bridal trousseau, and also that a wedding present of money sent early in the day, where there is no superabundance of means, is always an acceptable gift.

Getting married, however, implies the purchase of a few other things besides a black silk dress, and these will be discussed in a future number.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

HOW MAGGIE PAID THE RENT.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

"IS supper nearly ready, Maggie? It is almost time for Jack to return from his work."

The speaker was an elderly woman in a widow's garb, and the person she addressed was her granddaughter, a pleasant-looking girl about fourteen years of age.

"Yes, grandmother, it is just ready, such as it is," replied Maggie; "but I could wish poor Jack had a better meal after his hard work than what we are able to give him."

"Aye, aye, child, I wish it as much as you can, but what is to be done? Wishing will never make us rich folk, and we may be thankful if worse troubles than a poor supper do not come upon us soon." So spoke the grandmother, and taking the spectacles from her nose, she wiped their dim glasses with her apron.

"Why, grandmother, what do you mean?" cried Maggie, looking up in alarm. "What worse troubles can be coming, think you?" and eagerly and anxiously she fixed her bright blue eyes upon her grandmother's face.

"Well," replied the old woman, "the truth is just this, Maggie: I hear that the new Squire, who has lately come to live up at the Hall, is going to make some changes among his tenants; the cottages are all to be repaired, and the folks who can pay higher rents will stay, while those who cannot must find lodging elsewhere. And how can we ever pay a higher rent, Maggie? Even now every penny of poor Jack's earnings is spent at the end of the week, and yet we live as cheaply as ever we can."

For a moment or two the girl's face was as perturbed and downcast as that of her grandmother, and she bent over her knitting in silence; but by an evident effort she quickly assumed a most cheerful aspect, and advancing to the old lady's side and placing a gentle hand on her shoulder, she said:

"Don't fret, dear grandmother. God has cared for us so far, and He will never suffer us to want if we put our trust in Him; that's what father used to say, and what he said up to the very day of his death." So saying, Maggie stooped and kissed the withered cheek of that father's mother, thereby enforcing, as it were, her encouraging words.

"God bless you, my child!" sobbed the old woman, returning the kiss. "You remind me of what I am too apt to forget. Yes, Maggie, your father's God is our God, and He will never forsake His people; I will wipe away these tears and put faith in Him for the future." And the grandmother dried her eyes, and, rising from her low seat, said cheerfully, "Maggie, dear, go to the gate and watch for your brother Jack. When you see him coming across the field let me know, and I will dish up the supper so as to have it ready."

Maggie put down her work, and passing through the low doorway of the cottage, stood presently at

the little gate that separated the tiny garden from the meadow of a neighboring farmer, who turned his cattle out there to graze.

Opening the gate, Maggie leaned against it, while with one hand she shaded her eyes from the yet dazzling beams of the sinking sun, which bathed with its parting radiance the western horizon and crimsoned the landscape around.

A moment or two she thus stood, but Jack did not appear; and wondering why he should be so late, Maggie was about to retrace her steps in order to fetch her knitting, when from that corner of the field which by a stile communicated with the Squire's park she saw a little child emerge, dressed in a bright red frock and jacket, and running heedlessly along, nearer and nearer to the cattle, which hitherto had been grazing quietly in the centre of the field. Now, however, as the little one approached, directing her steps so as to pass them closely, they raised their heads, and a huge bull, the king and guardian of the herd, attracted doubtless and enraged by the color of the scarlet dress, bounded away from his companions, and with his savage head bent and his tail raised gave chase to the child, who, frightened at the bellowing of the angry beast, quickened her pace and fled screaming toward the cottage gate at which Maggie was standing. But the utmost speed of which the little one was capable was nothing to the long gallop of the bull, and in the first moment that Maggie witnessed the child's danger her quick presence of mind and tender heart resolved to do what many strong men, less self-forgetful, would not have dared to attempt. Tearing from her head a colored kerchief which she had thrown over it before she came out, she sprang through the gateway into the meadow, and bounding lightly over the turf, in another minute she had placed herself between the fierce animal and the child. On in his headlong fury came the gigantic brute, and was about to pass Maggie, seeing only the scarlet frock just beyond, when the intrepid girl, springing forward, dashed the kerchief across his eyes, and before he had time to recover himself and recommence his pursuit she had turned, snatched up the little one, and was running toward the cottage gate. Close behind the fugitives followed the bull, now recovered from his momentary astonishment, but Maggie's feet were winged, for she felt that through God's help she should save the child. A few more rapid steps, and the gate was reached and barred, while Maggie tottered into the house, still carrying the child, and in the reaction of the fearful excitement fell fainting on the floor.

Maggie's fainting fit, however, did not last long, and she was fully restored and had told her grandmother the whole story before Jack arrived half an hour later. He, too, had something to recount. On his way home from the Squire's grounds, where he had been working, he was overtaken by one of the servants belonging to the Hall, who seemed in a great state of alarm. She told Jack she was the under nurse, and that while that afternoon she was sitting at work beneath one of the trees of

the park with the children playing around her, one of them, little Miss Gertrude, a child about six years old, must have slipped away from her brother and sisters unobserved; and when tea-time came, and the nurse rose to bring the children home, she was nowhere to be found. The nurse had taken the other three little ones home, and had now come in search of Gertrude, fearful lest she should fall into danger of any kind.

Jack would not stop to eat his supper, after telling his own story and hearing Maggie's, but announced his intention of at once carrying the little truant lady back to her home. So the kind-hearted youth took Gertrude in his arms and soon conveyed her safely to the Hall, where she astonished every one by the childish recital of her own danger and Maggie's courage.

The next morning the Squire's lady herself came down to the cottage to thank Maggie for the preservation of her darling's life and to bring a message from the Squire himself. This message consisted of his grateful acknowledgments, and of the promise that Jack should be promoted to the office of second gardener as soon as that post was vacant (which would be in the course of a few weeks). But, best of all, the promise included also this, namely, that the widow and her grandchildren should hold the cottage rent free for the remainder of their lives.

Thus providentially was averted, by means wholly unforeseen, the trial of poverty and want so dreaded by the old widow in her thoughts of the future; and never again was she heard to repine or even to express a fear for herself or for those whom she loved.

Dear readers, you may not all meet with opportunities in which your courage can be shown and rewarded as was that of Maggie, but you may, each one of you, cultivate that kindness and unselfishness, that trust and confidence in God, which tend so largely to the best sort of presence of mind and to the truest service we can render both to our heavenly Father and to our fellow-creatures.

THE STRAY KITTEN.

HOW softly the snow came down! It was scarcely a quarter of an hour since the first flakes came lightly through the air, as feathers dropped from the wings of tiny birds, and now every object was covered with a mantle of the purest white.

The children stood at the window charmed by the fairylike change, as every one is charmed who looks out peacefully upon the newly wrought garment with which winter covers the earth, hiding the stubble of its reaped fields.

Soon the wind began to rise, whistling through the old hemlock-tree and roaring in the chimney and driving the snow in gusts against the window.

"I hope nobody's going to get lost in the snow," said Katie, turning from the window with a serious face. She had read of people being lost in the snow.

"No danger of that about here," I answered. "On wide moors and prairies, where there are no trees nor rocks nor places of shelter, the snow soon covers all the roads and paths, and then the way cannot be found; but here we have fenced roads and the farmers' houses are near to each other. No danger of any one being lost."

"Meow! Meow!"

"There's a kitty lost!" I exclaimed, as the pitiful sound came faintly on our ears.

"O grandma!" And my two little darlings were wild with excitement. "Open the window," cried Katie.

I threw it open, and the instant I did so a kitten, with breast as white as snow, leaped up on the sill and sat there, shy and trembling. Katie started forward with outstretched hands, when the scared animal dropped to the ground on the outside, where she stood mewing in distress and fear.

"Pussy, pussy! Kitty, kitty!" called the children, looking out of the window. But kitty stood shivering in the snow, and mewed piteously.

"All go back from the window," said I, and the children went to the other side of the room. We waited a few moments, when up jumped kitty to the sill again.

"Now keep away," I cried, softly. Then saying: "Poor pussy! poor pussy!" I went slowly toward the window, laid my hand gently on the shrinking animal, smoothed her wet fur, and at last took her up and shut the window.

Then there came a wild cry of delight that almost frightened pussy out of her wits. But she soon got used to the comfortable room and warm fire and playful, loving children. I don't know from what kind of a home she had strayed that snowy morning, but this I know—she found this new one so pleasant that she has been in it ever since. S.

THE SNOW.

THE pure white snow falls in large flakes through the air. Grandpa comes to the door with baby in his arms to look at the pleasant sight. Little Mabel throws out green leaves for her tame rabbits, and, with hands tucked under her apron to keep them warm, watches her pets as they enjoy their breakfast.

How softly and silently the snow comes down! You cannot hear it fall. Its touch on your cheek is light as the touch of a feather. Soon it covers the ground with a spotless garment white as wool and pure as innocence.

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

WHEN mamma was a little girl

(Or so they say to me).

She never used to romp and run

Nor shout and scream with noisy fun

Nor climb an apple-tree.

She always kept her hair in curl—

When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl

(It seems to her, you see)

She never used to tumble down

Nor break her doll nor tear her gown

Nor drink her papa's tea.

She learned to knit, "plain," "seam," and "purl"—

When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says—it must be true—

"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!"

Your mamma, dear, was just like you

When she was grandma's little girl!"

Grace F. Coolidge, in *St. Nicholas* for October.

The Home Circle.

A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"I SAY we need a new Declaration of Independence!" The words dropped like a bomb-shell from the lips of little Mrs. Taylor, and the half-dozen women around her looked up quickly from their sewing and waited for the rest of the message they felt sure would follow. But before we take our seats among the audience let me introduce the select circle of "Quiet Workers," who have met at the home of their leader to make up a bundle of clothing for some poor families living near them. Though the crimson and golden leaves of oak and maple tell the story of October, it is yet warm, and the women have taken their chairs out under the big oak at the south end of the house, where the twittering of birds, the humming of insects, and the soft sighing of the winds among the boughs mingle pleasantly with their voices. Mrs. Taylor, the so-called president of the society, is the busy wife of a farmer, with plenty of homely duties and little children to call her "mother"—"a little queen," her husband calls her, and those who know her best do not wonder at it. Bright and energetic, full of life and vivacity, her thoughts reach far out into the world, and she is always planning ways and means of helping others. Near her is Mrs. Hart, whose pale, patient face tells of long hours of pain—a story sadly confirmed by the crutches lying by her chair. She has been a cripple for years, but, if her feet refuse their office, her hands are never idle. A childless widow, she uses her ample means for the good of others. "God has taken my own little ones. I sometimes think it was because He meant all little children should be mine, and so I love them all," she said once, in answer to a friend who wondered that she should do so much for the children of the village when she was such an invalid. Next Mrs. Hart, and in striking contrast to her is plump, rosy Mrs. Dean, the bride of a year. Then there is Mrs. Gray, the minister's good wife, honest and true always; Mrs. Lord, whose husband keeps the "corner grocery;" Mrs. Magee, the banker's wife, stylish and fashionable and feeling just a little out of place among the plain, earnest women, yet moved by a sudden impulse to help with the work they had planned to do, and last, best of all, is dear old "Grandma Taylor," whom everybody loved and honored, plying her needle industriously yet, though the snows of over eighty winters have whitened the once "bonny brown braids" of her hair. Dear old Quaker grandma! No home-circle at the Taylors' is ever complete without her, so her easy-chair was brought out with the others, and the gay flannel coat will seem all the warmer to poor Benny West "because Grandma made it all herself."

There, you have them all—a busy, sunshiny group, coming from different homes, differing in their thoughts and methods somewhat, as good women must, but feeling only peace and harmony to-day. "Grandma" had been telling some story

of revolutionary times told her by her father—a story of woman's patient endurance and heroism. Perhaps it was the story, or it may have been the sight of the flag flying in the village park at the foot of the hill, but Mrs. Taylor commenced humming "The Star-spangled Banner." One after another the women caught up the words until all had joined in the ringing chorus, and the very birds in the tree-top stopped to listen to the grand old song, which can never seem old to the patriotic men and women of America. It was in the silence that followed the singing that Mrs. Taylor's remark dropped so suddenly—"I say we need another Declaration of Independence."

"Why, Mina, what is it now?" asked the grandmother, looking lovingly upon her granddaughter; "doesn't thee have thy equal rights and all the freedom thee can wisely use?"

"Yes, grandma," she answered; "it isn't that I am 'wrongfully taxed' or 'misrepresented,' it isn't for myself only that I think this, but for others. It is the *women* of our land who need to declare independence and rebel—not from foreign oppression or wrong, but from the petty, relentless tyrannies of style, fashion, and custom."

Mrs. Magee's cheeks flushed as she glanced quickly down at her many-ruffled skirts, and her voice was half timid, half beseeching, as she took up the gauntlet, saying:

"Please explain, Mrs. Taylor. Would you have us regardless of style and fashion? shall we not do the things others do and walk in the paths custom makes easy for us to follow?"

And Mrs. Hart, with the familiarity of long acquaintance, said, gently:

"Tell us of your thoughts, dear Mina; I am sure they are true ones," while Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Lord, and Mrs. Dean looked eagerly toward her.

"Yes, daughter, tell us what thee is thinking. Maybe the Lord is sending thy sisters a message through thee," grandma urged, in her irresistible way.

Mrs. Taylor looked blushing from one to another as they drew their chairs nearer around her. She was more used to acting than to talking, but to-day her heart was full and would find utterance.

"Pardon me, my friends," she said, "I had not meant to monopolize your attention in this way, but as grandma would say, the spirit moves me strongly, and maybe it is well for me to tell you of some things I have been thinking. You remember the picnic last Fourth in the river grove? I was talking with Mr. White there, and it was some things he said that first set these things before me in a strong, clear light. We were speaking of the difference in the society here in this free West from that we used to know in the East. I said how much I liked the Western people; they were so cordial and hospitable, and greeted you always in such a friendly way whether you went among them clad in calico or in silk. The dress seemed to make no difference with your standing. No one asked which church you belonged to, whether Methodist, Baptist, or Congregational; no one seemed to

wonder whether you had much or little money. The certificate of membership to the society of these good people seemed to be good behavior, a willingness to do your part in all right ways; then you may walk in your own private paths, and do the work you have to do in the way that seems right and best to your own individual conscience, and no one cares; no one lifts their hands in holy horror at your queerness; no one talks of 'our set,' or wonders that 'Mrs. So and So does not do as we do.' I said, 'People do not walk by set rules here; one does not need to belong to some particular sect or society to be counted as respectable members of the community here.'

"No," said Mr. White, 'we all notice that now; but a few years ago a certain class in our little village tried to get things to running by set rules, and wanted to measure everything by their own narrow views; but it wouldn't do; the more intelligent portion of the people threw off the yoke immediately, and the few had to go their way alone so far as our little home is concerned,' he went on in his pleasant way, while I wondered that I had not known before what a thoughtful man he was. 'My wife and I made up our minds in the start to set up our own standards, and be ourselves the judges of what we could or could not do. We determined to do nothing in the way of furnishing our rooms, dressing ourselves or the children God gave to us, or in entertaining our friends that we could not easily do. Ourselves and not our neighbors were to be the judges. We knew, as they did not, just what our income was and what we could afford to do in these things. So we builded our little home in all truth and honesty, and there is no happier home anywhere than ours. Our friends like to visit us, we like to have them come, and do our best to give them a pleasant time; but it is our best, just what we can do honestly and easily, and not what another might do. As I said, we have our own standards, and it is because others do not do the same, but try to live, dress, and entertain as some richer or more ambitious neighbor does, that there is so much restlessness and striving in many homes to-day. I have been watching these things closely for years, and I believe it is this foolish, oftentimes sinful, aping of the ways of others that is the secret of much of the misery in married life. And, one thing more, Mrs. Taylor, I heard you say once you thought no home complete without children in it. Wife and I have always thought the same, and we bless God that our home is complete in this way. There seems now and then a couple who can live as they ought and keep in sympathy with the world without children, but I find, as a rule, it is the homes where no children come that grow cold and selfish and narrow.' Others joined us then, and our talk, of which I have given you but a fragment, ended; but I have kept these things in my heart, and have thought much on them as I have gone my busy way morning, noon, and night, and I believe it is just as he said. We do need new standards. We women particularly need to free ourselves and declare our independence from all tyrannies. We are too much afraid of 'Mrs. Grundy,' too fearful that we will do something which will be called strange or unusual. We fear to dress in ways suited to our individual tastes and requirements and to the pocket-books of our husbands. Because we must dress as our

neighbors do, because we must go where they do, and have in our homes what they have in theirs, men are often driven to dishonest gains, driven to speculation and gambling, that we may have money to gratify our foolish ambitions.

"Is it right that woman, capable of so much good, should be so enthralled and held down by fear of what some one will say if she puts aside all false pride and dissembling, and dares to be true to her own ideas of what she ought and ought not to do? Is it right to make slaves of our husbands, and drive them to wrong-doing and shame that we might have the 'almighty dollar'? Is it for this we pledge ourselves to be true helpmeets unto them 'until death us do part'? Is this the way we keep our marriage vows? O my sisters! let us throw off the yoke and dare all for freedom and right, just as our forefathers did. Where is the man but would prefer such a home and such a home-maker as Mr. White has, with true heart rest there, to the most showily furnished house and the fashionably dressed wife who has 'no time for home folks,' for 'society' takes it all? We give too much of thought and care to the 'things that perish.' We are 'cumbered with much serving,' as we need not be.

"When we stand by the silent river and look back, we shall see how so much that we called necessary to our happiness was but Dead Sea apples after all, and in grasping this we missed much of life's best fruit. Oh! let us live freer and more truly; let us listen for the higher notes in life's music, and set our feet to its rhythm.

'Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear,
Coming down to every ear,
Hear it.'

"That message is love and peace and righteousness, my sisters, and we have but to walk truly to find it."

Mrs. Taylor's voice had grown low and solemn with deep feeling, and the hearts of the women around her thrilled responsively as she turned her shining eyes upon them. It was Mrs. Magee who spoke first, and her words showed that the germ of true womanhood had but slumbered in her soul.

"I never felt it so before," she said, "but I believe you are right, Mrs. Taylor. Your message comes to me with greater meaning than to any of these my friends, for I have been the most frivolous one among you. I have been the slave of fashion, as you never have. Oh! I wonder if I have the strength to be free! I have meant to be a true wife, but I can see now how I have failed in many ways. I know Mr. Magee has done many things he would not have done had I not been so foolishly determined to be the most fashionable and stylish woman in the village. God helping me, this shall be the beginning of better things for us both."

"We all needed the message, I fear, Mrs. Magee," said kindly Mrs. Gray, "and may thank God our sister has dared to show us whither we were drifting."

DISAPPOINTMENT in friendship arises chiefly not from liking our friends too much, but from an over-estimate of their liking for or opinion of us.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

SOMETIMES I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft when I'm ready to murmur
That time is flitting away
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine—
You are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine.

You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk,
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake,
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet.

THE FATHER AND MOTHER.

THERE is a painful and a growing tendency in these days to *dishonor*, rather than to honor, the father and the mother, by disobeying their wishes and disregarding their feelings in many of the matters of life, because the younger generation, growing wise in their own conceit, think they know better than their elders what ought to be. In how many instances do we hear the patient, toiling father of the family referred to as the "old man" or the "governor," and the mother as the "old lady." Alas! how disrespectful! how unkind! To those who have watched over us in tenderer years, we should always bear ourselves with consideration and kindness; we should listen to them patiently, bear with them gently, and try with our best efforts to brighten their pathway and relieve them of cares. Such will be the

course of a dutiful child. Blessed are they who have dutiful children, but "sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

The lamented Mrs. Mays has beautifully expressed the love of a daughter for a parent in her lines, "To My Father," of which I give the closing stanzas:

"Dear father! may I ever prove
A gentle child to thee,
And pay thee back the faithful love
That thou hast showered on me;
For it would break my heart to know
I e'er had caused thee pain or woe.

"And if around thy grave some day
With saddened heart I stroll,
God grant I may not turn away
With shame upon my soul,
But, looking up to heaven, may feel
From thee I've nothing to conceal."

EMILY SANBORN.

FLOWERS IN NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER may be said to be the opening month of the season of winter flowers, as May is of summer flowers. The chrysanthemums now are mostly in their prime, with some varieties nearly done blooming; but such other flowers, as the carnations, primroses, geraniums, camellias, callas, bouvardias, mignonette, pansies, violets, and the hardy bulbs generally, upon which we depend largely for winter flowers, ought only to be fairly coming in now if we would have a free and continuous crop for a long time to come.

Of most of the perpetual-blooming sorts of plants it may be noticed that such plants as were not allowed to bloom in the summer will be found capable of producing the greatest amount of flowers now and later.

In caring for a collection of plants, either in the window or conservatory, during this month, see to it that they receive an abundance of fresh air often. The season is near at hand when the windows or ventilators may have to be kept closed for days together, owing to severe weather; and the better to guard against the enervating effect of the absence of air on plant life at such times, the plants should now have the benefit of free airing in all mild weather.

The amateur florist cannot well be too careful in the watering of the pot-plants now. Plants that are growing rapidly or that are in bloom take up a great deal of water through their roots, especially in the dry atmosphere that is common in living-rooms, and they are easily ill-treated by receiving too little.

On the other hand, the danger of over-watering is equally to be guarded against, for too much water causes sourness of the soil, a condition in which the roots of few plants can thrive.

A safe plan in watering at all times is to look over the collection every morning and to give all pots that show some particles of dry soil on the top, enough water thoroughly to saturate the ball of earth to its centre, and then not again until dry particles again appear on the surface.

All house-plants are benefited by a shower-bath at least once a week. Sponging the leaves on both sides with clear water will answer the same purpose. Not only does this treatment tend to

keep the pores of the leaves open beneficially and improve the appearance of the plant, but it is also the best safeguard against that common house-plant pest, the red spider. — *Youth's Companion*.

Religious Reading.

"YESTERDAYS."

"O yesterdays! so full of buried treasure,
So full of bliss, and yet so incomplete!
Only by your departure can we measure
The richness of those hours love made so sweet.
So brief! so sweet! we part from them with sadness,
And keep their memory fragrant with our tears;
Knowing full well our hearts shall have of gladness
A meagre portion in the coming years."

MANY are the hearts that echo these true, true words of the poet. Many of us are ever looking back upon our yesterdays with unspeakable longing and regret. Although while living them there may have been hours of pain and griefs that sometimes were poignant, yet how often, in comparing them to the present days, we think to ourselves that they were better and happier.

"Oh! call back yesterday! bid time return," says Shakespeare; and it is a cry that goes up from millions of hearts—as useless as it is pitiful and pitiful because so useless.

Yesterday that friend was with us, whose presence ever yielded such pleasure. We listened to the dear voice, and enjoyed the blest companionship through months that glided into years, perhaps, until their lives seemed almost a part of ours. But to-day weary miles of distance separate us which may never be traversed again, and our thoughts are ever turning regretfully to the happy past.

Yesterday the one beloved above all others smiled upon us with eyes full of affection as, hand in hand, we walked along the journey of life. Then the hours were bright with happiness, or if trials came they were tempered by loving sympathy or care. Pleasures had a double zest, and work was done with willing hand and heart, when shared together or done for one another.

But now a distance more untraversable than any that miles could make lies between, and beyond the mystical river from whence no sound of voice, no glimpse of heavenly forms can come back to us, they are waiting.

Yesterday the lovely babe whom we cherished so fondly was in our arms to caress and care for, and rejoice in its sweet, innocent life and in the new charms and graces unfolding every day.

But now the present seems dark with woe, because the brightness of those yesterdays is gone, for this precious treasure also has left us to await our coming on the shores of the bright hereafter.

And we, too, must wait, with aching hearts. Oh! how long it seems to some, looking forward to the probable years of earthly life yet to come; and 'tis small comfort in the sorrow of first be-

reavement to hear others say that the separation is only for awhile when our arms are so empty.

Yesterday home and home love blessed us with all its little comforts and endearments and protecting care—our place of refuge if outside ills assailed, our harbor wherein to anchor safely and securely.

But all this has been swept away, and we are left adrift on the ocean of life, steering toward some unknown "to-morrow," whose possibilities we dread, with no earthly one to help guide our little barque or shelter us in some restful haven when weary.

Looking back longingly is of no avail, and there is no one to share the burden if it proves heavy. We must only go onward alone—bravely, if we can, or with shrinking painful steps if we are unable to meet our ills like the strong ones. But oh! how these hearts cry out sometimes for "the days that are no more"—for the old twilight hours of talk mingled with song, the walks through the cool, green woods, or down by the riverside, mornings of pleasant work and reading, with beloved ones sharing it all, quiet bed-time confidences, and the sweet communion of hearts sitting together in the house of worship or reading from the Book of Life and interchanging thoughts upon its lessons.

Yes, all along our pathway they follow us—these "yesterdays," with their "buried treasure," and if for awhile the thought of them is lost in the glow of "to-day" or in the anticipation of some bright "to-morrow," these, too, are soon added to the past, and again we whisper to ourselves—

"So sad, so sweet! the days that are no more."

Yet is there not another, brighter thought that should come to tinge these sad ones with a hopeful ray?—the thought that a time will come when we will no more look back sorrowfully or have any dread of coming days? Ah! yes, in the glad "to-morrow" of the future life we shall lose all regret for our "yesterdays" in the bliss of present being, and if our "to-day" has been rightly spent an eternity of happiness will compensate for all.

LICHEN.

WORK, paid or unpaid. See only that you work, and you cannot escape your reward. Whether your work be coarse or fine, planting corn or writing epics, if only it be honest work, done to your own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought. No matter how often defeated, you are born to victory. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

Housekeepers' Department.

HINTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

I WAS riding in a horsecar a few days ago, when two women sitting opposite to me (apparently working women) claimed my attention by their earnest way of speaking. The elder one, whose face was wilted and wrinkled by the finger of time, was also seemingly marked by long and hard work, so there was scarce room for a finger-tip to be laid between the scars of age and labor, yet she was not rough. The younger had a thin, sweet, pain-worn face drawn with sickness, wan with care.

The elder one said (leaning over her companion lovingly): "And so, Mattie, you enjoyed your supper to-night? Why, you ate more than I have been able to coax between your lips in a month of Sundays."

Mattie's face brightened up, and for an instant her look of care and pain vanished in a glow of almost pleasure as she said:

"Indeed, and wasn't it good? and oh! so beautiful, too."

"I am sure," responded the older woman, and her tone showed that her feelings were a little hurt—"the victuals you make so much of were not such a sight above what we try to make you like at home. There's not a Sunday, or a time that Dick comes home, that our own table don't hold as much, or so good, as your aunt gets together."

"Then," said Mattie, with a glow, "it wasn't the food they had, nor the muchness of it, either, but somehow the cloth was so smooth and white, the glasses so silvery clear and bright, it made the dear little bunch of flowers in the middle of the table seem to grow on every dish we had. And when the covers came off I didn't think of the beef and tomatoes at all—it might all have been roses and daisies. Why! mother, I would want twenty meals a day, instead of having to force down part of three, if they only all looked like that."

I felt for the poor, sick girl. I knew exactly what she meant; like many, oh! so many who are working away their strength in necessary employments, losing appetite day by day because the food (good in itself, perhaps) is so uninvitingly prepared as to lose all power to tempt a failing sickly fancy or weak digestion, and so—having no proper nourishment—finally giving up in despair the fight for life or even death. And as this poor girl looked up at her poor mother and said, "Oh! it was so beautiful," I could see how utterly impossible it would have been to make the older woman feel the younger one's need. Why! she would have worked her poor fingers to the bone to give her Mattie a pound of beef—or ten if she would only eat it—at each meal. But perhaps it would come to the sickly, nervous, tired girl covered with grease, on a dish unsightly with nicks, on a table among scraps of other food, so as to make her loathe "good healthy beef," which the doctor said she must have or never expect to get well.

I have seen it so often, so often; the reverse is almost an exception among our working people; there is such an entire disregard of knowing—or wanting to know—how to prepare food as it should be prepared; day after day come potatoes almost like clay, instead of the white, mealy, delicate things they may be; pork fried in lard, or dripping with lard, underdone cabbage, and afterward some mixture they call pie; these likely served in an untidy room, on a bare table, perhaps with an accompaniment of noise from untidy children round.

What wonder is it that any one, it may be the father of the clamorous children himself, if he be at all of a sensitive nature, will fly for comfort to some public house, where, at least, he may select from the poor dishes prepared and eat in comparative quiet. But then many have not even this very questionable refuge, and must put up with the unsightly and unpalatable meal, trying to eat till it becomes a task beyond their strength. I know a poor woman with little children about her and little help will say it is impossible to think of having things nice and pretty when it takes all her time to get enough food ready to keep soul and body together; and as for time to teach children to be quiet and to behave well, that is beyond all question.

Here is just where the mistake lies. The children may be such a help in many ways, instead of a continual bother and drawback, that the time spent in teaching them to be gentle, helpful human beings, instead of little, troublesome animals, to be gotten out of the way as much as possible, will be paid back tenfold.

There is so much in the habit of having things nice around one that the entire family, children and all, fall unconsciously into the way of making order rather than confusion.

It is a wonderful lightener of labor, this habit of having a place for everything and everything in its place, and always keeping them there. So it is in cooking. Once take the time to learn exactly how a certain dish must be prepared, then, all the times when it is spoiled beyond remedy never occurs; the times it is placed on the table unpleasant to see, unpleasant to eat, *don't come*; you don't have to hear groans or grumbings from the family, or, what is worse, the silence of the uncomplaining invalid, who is having a little more strength, so invaluable to them, sapped away by want of proper nourishment.

And then the manner of putting food on the table (even if in cooking it be nicely done) so often takes away the pleasure that might else be felt in it. And here it is all habit. It is as easy to have a pretty, inviting table as to get into the habit of sliding things on pell mell—it may be on a table that has not been entirely cleared from a previous meal, the vegetables on one side of a dish, the meat on a cold one, the glasses dim and unclean, the bread in thick "hunks," and so forth.

Now, if a tablecloth is to be used, try to have it white and smooth or else red and bright, or, if

your table is bare, let it be daintily clean—if it is walnut a child can easily be taught to keep it bright, and, after a time, learns to take pleasure in being depended on to keep something in order. Perhaps it is not walnut—you have only a white-pine table—that is nothing in the count. You can, with soap and sand, make it so white and clean as to form quite an appetizing background to any meal put on it. Only a very few minutes need be spent on this all-important step toward the real enjoyment of our meals, and if help is not abundant, a little girl—otherwise cross from having “nothing to do”—will take pride in such a task, and it will soon become a habit; and all such habits cause the wish for cleanness and tidiness to grow.

Don't be in a desperate hurry, so as to throw knives, plates, and cups to their places; the same time, or very few seconds more, carefully used, will allow you to put each article in its own place, straight and nicely arranged as if it grew there, ready for use.

Give a bit of extra polish to the glasses; they always are better for it, and this dry rubbing will make them almost reflect anything pretty you have on the table, giving a double amount of pleasure in it.

If you have pretty dishes don't always keep them up on the very highest shelf, so as only to be got at when company comes in. Use them to help educate your own children, teaching them at once to love beauty and to be careful. Mothers often say: “I just keep these old, cracked dishes for common use; so it don't matter much if the children do happen to break any.” That seems to me to be offering a sort of premium to carelessness.

See that the coffee-pot is bright, the sugar-bowl free from stickiness. Don't have little salt-cellars at each place looking so alike—no one is ever sure of having their own “individual salt,” but fears, somehow, that another's has been placed by him or her. Even if the salt is emptied out every time—and that is a waste, surely—one has an uncomfortable feeling that it *may* have been forgotten. It is not necessary to have expensive salt-cellars. Any pretty little cup-like Japanese dish answers well for serving salt in, and will help to decorate the table also, and a clear, nice salt spoon, be it of glass or silver or even wood, will help one to enjoy the very necessary condiments.

Now don't laugh if I come down to so small a thing as this seems to be—in serving a meal, be sure to find the centre of each dish, and there place the food—fish, flesh, or vegetable.

You may often observe that, even in cases where the housekeeper rather prides herself on the nice daintiness of her dishes or the prettiness of her china, this is neglected, and the food is apt to find its way, with all the natural depravity of inanimate objects, to the side of the platter, looking as if it were unasily trying to climb out, or it makes you feel as if the table were swinging to one side. So don't put things carelessly on one side of a dish; if they are not so “depraved,” and try to slip down to their true places, they can't help leaving an ugly, smeary track behind them. But if placed in the middle of a dish, the white, clean, even frame of china round it will pay well for the extra care you took in serving it “all right.”

With meat dishes, especially, there are many

ways of serving and of dressing them which makes them appeal to the eye as well as the taste—a little bed of parsley in your garden, or in winter in a window box grown in a sunny window (and making the kitchen brighter), will afford you a little mine of decoration. Celery, hard-boiled eggs, olives, cold tomatoes, or even sliced beets, can be used in a variety of ways to make a dish look, as well as taste, better.

Cut flowers or growing plants make a pretty, pleasant accompaniment to any meal; even to people who don't notice flowers there is an unconscious delight in their beauty. Wild-flowers, arranged in a glass dish or china vase, make a lovely centre-piece for any table (humble or splendid, as it may be), and give more pleasure than one would believe. Ferns and daisies, in the early part of the season; later, the lace-like Indian carrot, making a nest for pink roses, are so cooling and fresh looking; they deepen the rose blushes, and make a delicate relief for their always pretty leaves. In the autumn one can have a gorgeous display in the rich red of the cardinal flower, the purple of the wild aster, and the gold of the golden-rod.

No one, whatever sums they can afford to lavish on table ornament, can well manage a richer or lovelier display, and it costs nothing. Children are happier and better, too, for learning to love and gather the fresh flowers for “home consumption.” Be sure to have your flowers fresh, and you will soon grow to love and depend on them. I remember yet with delight a breakfast I took years ago—even now I enjoy the delicacy of the repast, though I entirely forget what we had to eat. I remember only a beautifully arranged display of the leaves and flowers of the morning-glory, their graceful sprays curling in and out among glass on the prettily prepared table.

MARTHA.

BAGS.

THE flour-bag and the rag-bag were the familiar bags of our childhood. Next came the shoe-bag, of chintz, bound with braid, and the more pretentious “catch-all,” with its modest ruffle and rosette by way of ornamentation. In bewildering array then followed the satin-trimmed and be-ribboned hair-receiver and wall-pocket, to give way, in their turn, before modern creations, at once useful and beautiful, adorned with “art-embroidery” or “hand-painting,” as the case might be. But with all the varieties of bags which we readily call to mind, it appears that the end of the chapter is not yet reached. The value of bags is becoming more and more appreciated every day, so that now it is no uncommon thing to hear good housekeepers recommend their use for everything that can be conveniently or safely stowed away in a bag. Let bags literally line the house from cellar to attic; let them be large or small, plain or ornamental; let them be hidden in closets or drawers or let them ornament walls and even chair-backs. Bags everywhere, and every bag filled, is the modern rendering of the old motto, “A place for everything and everything in its place.”

Let bags contain scraps of left-over materials, waste paper, rolls of linen or flannel, useful in

case of accident or sickness, shoes and slippers, clothes-pins, dust cloths, balls of wool for knitting, and the thousand-and-one articles which accumulate about every house. Let a bag hang from every hook, shelf, or door-knob, where it can be most conveniently drawn upon when its contents are in demand. Such a system of "bagism," to use a word coined by Frank Stockton in one of his inimitable fairy-tales, will be found to pay well, not merely in the end, but all the way along.

We can give to our readers just here but little new as regards ornamental bags. They already know how to use up the scraps of silk, satin, lace, and velvet, and to embroider, paint, or decorate them "crazy-fashion." Perhaps the latest idea in the way of a bag, which will adorn as well as serve, is a catch-all made from a Japanese balloon or lantern. Choose a balloon which is not, itself, too pretty to cover. Then make a bag of silk, chintz, foulard, or embroidered pongee large enough to hold the balloon. Attach it to two hoops, one to slip over the round box at the bottom, the other to pass round the top and form the fabric into a ruffle. Suspend the bag by a gilt or silver chain.

Another bag may be ornamental or not, according to the material employed and the use to which the bag is to be applied. If intended to hold fancy work it may be of silk, linen, pongee, or other fabric suitable for artistic decoration; if intended as a receptacle for soiled clothing, bed-ticking or coffee-sacking will answer, and adornment, if present at all, should be of the simplest kind. The pattern is as follows: Cut out a piece of material three times as long as it is wide. Sew it up and run a narrow tuck at equal distances from top to bottom. Then divide the width of the bag into four equal parts and cut the tuck at the corners, thus making four casings. Into these run four small sticks with wires wrapped around them. Twist the ends of the wires together, so as to hold the sticks in a square frame. Gather the fullness evenly along the sticks, and hide the corners with bows. Gather the bottom of the bag, and draw all the gathers in a point, which cover with a bow. Face the upper part of the bag, work eyelets, and run in ribbon or cord. Attach loops to hang up by. If the material used be of bed-ticking and ornamentation be desired, the stripes may be worked over with colored crewels.

The following pattern for a catch-all is a very old one revived. Cut a piece of material of any size desired, but of such proportions that the length will be a little more than half the width. Run up the seam, line, or at least face the top, gather the lower edge and sew it to a round piece of pasteboard covered with the same material as the bag. The bottom of a round collar-box will do for an ordinary catch-all. The top may be provided with eyelets and drawing-cord, or shirred over a hoop, and loops added for hanging up by.

A novel, and at the same time useful, bag is one intended to cover dresses while hanging, particularly when the closet does not afford adequate protection. Make a wide, deep bag of muslin or calico large enough to inclose a whole dress and give ruffles and draperies plenty of room. One side should be about three inches longer than the other, and form a flap to button over. Turn the

bag upside down; make a casing along the seam and run into it a stitch. Attach to this seam two or four rings or loops, to slip over the hooks in the closet. Pin the dress to the inside of the bag, so as not to disarrange the trimming, button the bag over the hem of the skirt, and the bag is ready to be suspended.

We conclude with a few detached notes on bags. Bags for holding soiled linen, for sponges, soap, and the like, may be made from rubber blankets. Bags for kitchen use, to contain clothes-pins and other small articles, should be of bagging or ticking, cut square, and provided with brass curtain-rings to run the drawing-strings through. Bags for the store-room are preferably of strong linen, provided with tapes to tie over the mouth, the tapes attached to the opposite sides a few inches below their edges. If desired, a bag may be provided with pockets on the outside; these pockets to be buttoned down to the bag itself. A round bag for scraps is made by cutting a circular piece of chintz or calico, binding with braid, sewing rings around the edge, and drawing up with braid. Such a bag may be readily opened and all its contents displayed at once. All bags should be provided with strings for drawing and tying and loops for hanging up. A loop may be secured firmly by sewing a button upon it outside the bag, and another one opposite, inside.

M.

THE HOME CLUB.

MEETING AT MRS. WILSON'S.

Mrs. Wood.—Will some one give me a good recipe for tomato catsup?

Mrs. Dawson.—I have used this one for three years: Remove all bad spots from one peck of tomatoes. Cut in halves, boil until tender, then rub through a fine sieve to remove seeds and skin. Boil the pulps one-half hour, then set away in an uncovered earthen jar over night. The next day boil slowly for three hours. When within half an hour of being done add the following spices: Mix together dry four tablespoonfuls of salt, two of ground mustard, one of black ground pepper, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, ginger, and allspice ground. Add slowly one teacupful of sharp cider vinegar, mix smooth, and pour into the catsup, stirring well. Finish cooking and pour into earthen jars until cold, then bottle. Catsup made in this way is very pleasant tasted and keeps well. I opened a bottle last spring made nearly two years before and found it as nice as if just fresh.

Mrs. Stone.—I find it a saving of time to scald and take the skins off of the tomatoes before cooking them the first time. It is then but little work to put them through the sieve to remove the seeds.

Mrs. Joy.—My Ned has had charge of part of our vegetable garden this spring. He has succeeded nicely with the tomatoes. We have never had nicer ones, and he feels very proud about it. He has taken great pains with them; each vine is tied up to stakes and pruned down to three or four branches. We pay him so much a week for his work and let him sell all the vegetables he raises beyond what we need at the house. Last year he got very tired of working in the garden,

and I had trouble to make him do what was necessary, but our new plan changes matters entirely. He has an interest and pride in his work. He thinks he can take the charge of the entire garden next year, with a little help about the heavy work, and even now is planning how he can arrange the beds to the best advantage and plant for the most crops. I am much delighted, and do all I can to make the work a pleasure to him. I will not have him on the streets, and so must have something to interest him at home.

Mrs. Hull.—I think your way an excellent one. If I had boys I would spare no pains to lead them to take an interest in some work that would keep them at home.

Mrs. Tate.—There is no way of interesting a boy quicker than to start him in something that will bring him in a little pocket-money. I believe if parents realized this more fully there would be fewer boys who are discontented at home and seeking every chance for amusement on the street. This spring I started my two irrespressibles in the poultry business on a small scale. They have done so well that I intend to let them enlarge their business as fast as they can. I made a small yard, fenced so the chickens could not get out of it, and started them with one dozen chickens and one dollar's worth of feed, such coops as were already on the place, and a rule, which cannot be broken, that the business must support itself and that they must never go in debt. They have all the scraps from the table and the refuse vegetables for their chickens, the rest of the feed they have to buy. I buy as many eggs and chickens as I need, the rest they sell to other families and the stores. They have kept enough pullets to double the original number and sold enough chickens and eggs to pay for all the feed, two new coops, and a shelter house, have five or six dollars laid away, and have spent nearly that sum for books and a journal on the care of poultry. They are never tired of planning what they shall do next and how to do it best.

Mrs. Lawton.—I think I shall profit by your experience. Sam is only eight, but I find already that he needs something beyond play and lessons.

Mrs. Stevens.—I promised to bring my new recipe for delicate cake for the ladies to copy. I will read it: One cup of butter, one cup of milk, two-and-one-half cups of sugar, four cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, six eggs. Beat together the butter and sugar, add the milk and the flour, mixing the baking-powder into the latter, and stir well. Then add the eggs, breaking in one at a time and beating the batter smooth after each egg. The batter must be quite thin. This is a most excellent cake. The eggs must be put in last or the cake will not have the velvety smoothness it ought. I sometimes make it less rich by using only three-quarters of a cup of butter. I would like to have the ladies try this simple dessert. It is called "Farmers' Rice." Set a pan of milk on the fire to boil. Place a handful of flour in a bowl, break into it one egg, add a salt-spoon of salt; mix the egg quickly through the flour until it forms into little, dry rolls. As soon as the milk boils, take a small handful of the egg and flour and stir it into the milk, rolling it between the fingers as it drops, so as to make it into grains. Stir it all in as quickly as possible,

as it thickens fast. Pour into a dish or cups and set away to cool. It may be eaten with sugar and cream or a simple sauce, as best liked. It is a very healthful food for children in summer when eaten with cold boiled milk.

Mrs. Frost.—I have a quantity of worn ingrain carpet. Can some one tell me how to make it into rugs?

Mrs. Greyson.—I saw some very pretty ones when visiting my cousin in B. To make one, cut the carpet in strips across the breadths. The strips must be about three-quarters of an inch wide. Ravel the strips on each side until only two or three threads in the middle are left. If the carpet is much worn and the threads tender, one or two more must be left. Sew the strips together and wind into balls. They are now ready for a carpet-weaver, who will weave them into a rug, using warp, as for a rag-carpet, and beating fringe up to make a woolly surface. Any color of warp may be used, as it shows very little. My cousin paid between thirty and forty cents apiece for the weaving of rugs a yard wide and a yard and a quarter long, the weaver furnishing the warp. The rugs are finished by sewing fringe of a suitable color across the ends. The rugs may be striped in the weaving or made hit and miss. I admired the ones my cousin had very much, and would never have imagined they were made of worn-out carpet.

Mrs. Horton.—Another good use for old carpet is to make it into stair-pads. Padding to place under stair-carpet can be bought, but I always make mine out of my old carpet. I cut it into pieces as long as the width of the stair-carpet and wide enough to reach from the back of the step to just over the front edge. I take three or four thicknesses of carpet for each step, tack them together slightly, and bind them around with dark drilling. When done they must not be quite as wide as the stair-carpet. In putting down the carpet, one pad is placed under it on each step. They keep the carpet from wearing and it seems very thick and soft. They are little trouble to clean, and once made will last a long time.

RECIPES.

VEAL IN JELLY.—For supper or lunch. Two knuckles of veal, two quarts of water, salt, pepper, bay leaf, cloves, one onion, blade of mace, vinegar. Chop up the veal, and boil in the two quarts of water till tender; add the mace, onion, salt, pepper, bay leaf and four cloves. Take the bones out, chop the meat into small pieces; return the bones to the broth and allow the liquor to boil till reduced to one quart; strain the liquor, add a little vinegar, put in the chopped veal, and turn into a mold to cool, on ice, if it is summer or needed quickly. Turn out on a flat dish, and serve surrounded by parsley and sliced hard-boiled eggs.

DEVILED EGGS.—Boil the eggs twelve minutes, cool them in cold water, cut each egg carefully in half, remove the yolks into a bowl. Mash well, add add salt, pepper, oil, vinegar, and a little mustard. Place the halved whites on some crisp, fresh lettuce, cutting a little slice from the round end (to let them stand well). Now roll the yolks into

little balls and place them in the whites. Finally, minced chicken may be added, and if nicely made, this is a very pretty dish.

BLANC MANGE APPLES.—Make a blanc mange by the usual recipe; fill common teacups one-third full; then make a jelly of one cup of gelatine, soaked in a half-pint of water (cold) one hour. Add one pint of boiling water, two cups of sugar, two lemons, grated. Let all come to a boil, then strain into molds. Break some of the jelly gently on a flat dish; put the little mold of blanc mange on top of it, a clove in the centre of each mold, and color with some currant jelly some little stripes on the little apples. If carefully done this is effective.

MEAT SALAD.—Chop any sort of meat very fine, mix up well with any good salad dressing; pile it on the centre of a dish, around it place young lettuce leaves, and sliced tomatoes on the leaves; then a ring of sliced boiled eggs and a second ring of chopped boiled potatoes. Pour a little dressing over all.

BIRD'S NEST IN JELLY.—Fill some empty egg shells with blanc mange, and set in a pan of flour (the open ends up) to harden. Fill a dish half-full of jelly from the foregoing recipe. Have

ready some thin strips of preserved orange peel. Break the shells from the blanc mange, and lay the artificial eggs on the jelly as soon as it is hard enough to bear them. Pile neatly, but not too high in the middle, bearing in mind that what is now the top will be the bottom when turned out. Lay the orange peel (which represents straws) over and around these. Warm some reserved jelly so it can flow easily (but don't let it get hot); pour over the eggs and straws, and set away in a cool place to form, then turn out on a glass dish.

PEACH CAKE.—Half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one and a half of flour, half cup of corn-starch, three-quarters of a cup of milk, the whites of three eggs, quarter spoonful of soda, half spoonful cream of tartar. Bake in jelly pans. Mash some cut up peaches with sugar, put a layer between the cakes and a layer on top also; bake five minutes in the oven. When cold, powder sugar over it and use for dessert.

ORANGE FLOAT.—One cup of water, the juice and pulp of two lemons, one cup of sugar. When boiling, add three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, well mixed in water; let it boil—stirring it—ten minutes. When nearly cool, pour it over sliced oranges. Over that the whites of three eggs well beaten and sweetened and a few drops of vanilla in it. Eat it with cream. MARTHA.

Young Ladies' Department.

WHAT NOT TO BE.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—I feel inclined, for once, to depart from my usual preferred course, and rest for a few moments upon a little outline of an undesirable portraiture. There is so universal a tendency to grumbling and fault-finding, that one can turn in no direction without hearing the sound of its murmuring presence. Possibly, a reference to one who has given way to the habit until it dominates all her life may prove to some a note of warning.

The person to whom I refer never seems at any time for one instant content. There is certain to be something amiss somewhere. Everything that is done is wrong; everything left undone is wrong. If the father brings home company she is offended; if he meets with friends whom he fails to bring home with him, the offense is no less deep. If the mother opens a can of peaches, she is disgusted that she did not open currants. If the washerwoman comes on Monday, she wanted that especial day for some other especial purposes; if the washing for any reason is postponed till Tuesday, "the whole week is spoiled." The new dress which she has selected is unsatisfactory when it is procured; and the new hat for which she may have been pining, once in her possession at once becomes undesirable.

In this spirit all the occurrences of each day are met, and the perpetual drizzle of discontent and disapproval falls over all. Her fault-finding is not confined to home, home friends, and home matters. Neighbors, friends, strangers, and the weather—everything animate and inanimate—is

weighed in the balance of her ill-trained, ill-regulated disposition, and all found sadly wanting.

The neighbors' habits, manners, and regulations are all amenable to fault-finding. Their children are too much or too little governed; too much or too little employed; their clothing is not right and proper; their dresses are too long or too short, too thick or too thin, too dark or too light—but the enumeration of complaints would be endless. I do not wish to tire you, only to awaken your attention to a great fault, and to earnestly warn you to beware of a habit so insidious that those who contract it become unconscious of it. We can all see the uselessness and the folly of it in others; what I desire is, that we should look at home, and try to begin the reform each in ourselves.

Children should never be allowed to find fault. But when children hear it all about them, how can they help becoming little victims at the very starting-point of life. Older persons who indulge in sullen grumbling about any one or anything in the presence of children would feel the weight of their sinfulness, I think, could they realize the inevitable and lamentable effects of their indulgence. Suppose we form ourselves into a non-grumbling association, of which each member shall inwardly vow to try so to guard themselves that fault-finding, as a habit, shall be heard no more from their lips?

How many of you will join with me in constantly watching yourselves, that you may guard against and correct any tendency to reckless, needless grumbling. It is useless, it is pernicious. It is no relief to the complainant, and is very unpleasant to all others. All have their trials to

meet and to bear; and the stronger and better a person is, the more quietly and bravely they bear everything, from the little daily annoyances and pin-pricks to the greatest sufferings and sorrows.

It has been said that in this world we are given only such glimpses of higher life and higher truths as shall keep us to a reasonably full exercise of our powers. If this is true, it is very necessary that we should keep ourselves in the best condition for perceiving such glimpses as are given us; and this readiness surely cannot best be gained by a constant dwelling in a morass of fault-finding and fretfulness. I think, however, that our possibility to receive and conceive of high and noble aims and truths increases with our devotion to right and pure motives, actions, and ideas. "We grow like what we contemplate." Ought we not then strive to be more perceptive of good than of evil? Let us not be content to permit ourselves to look upon the mistakes, errors of life—save when and where we can remedy them, and then let that be our only purpose, never letting ourselves dwell upon them as a morsel to be expatiated upon. The world is filled with human beings, and all humanity is frail and prone to weakness—we, even we ourselves, may not be free from it; is it not our duty then to strengthen and help ourselves and others by loving and seeing and cherishing the good in life?

The fountain of all noble inspiration is within us, and this fountain is fed by God. It is our part to strive to keep the fountain clean, and the avenues by which the Lord may replenish it open and ready to admit the living waters. Whatever corrupts, contaminates, or even belittles, must hin-

der and exclude the full, free inflow; while whatever exalts, purifies, leads to goodness, truth, love, and good-feeling must free and enlarge the capacity of the fountain for receiving and for dispensing its pure waters.

Let us each, in our hearts, promise to strive to attain as far as possible to purity of thought, speech, and judgment; each strive to be true to our noblest aims and purposes so far as we are able; we shall thus gain treasures of inward strength for ourselves, and it seems to me by such effort we must assist others in the desire for and attainment of a high ideal. In all our efforts at right-doing we can but humbly trust in self-strength and self-courage, but with great trust in the Lord's helpfulness we can follow our course with faithfulness and hope. He who is the source and essence of goodness will always aid the humblest strivers after true and generous life and knowledge.

I would like to add a word of thanks to those of my girls who have felt a renewed and strengthened love for earnest and noble aims in life in reading my letters to them. If I may have been permitted to help any of you, it is gift of great blessing to me; and when we stand some happy day at the foot of the throne of God, it will be one of the deepest joys for which I shall thank the Father. His gifts are always those of infinite blessing; they are His, yet how doubly and deeply are they ours through Him. In that day of meeting, my dears, we shall know each other, I think, and then you will know the love in my heart for you, and how much your love and appreciation has helped and strengthened me. AUNTIE.

Evenings with the Poets.

SPINNING.

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of what I spin;
I only know that some one came
And laid within
My hand the thread and said: "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have; so, from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young,

So young I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He sat me here, and still
And glad and blind I wait His will.

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor, blind spinner, work is done."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

FOR LOVE OF YOU.

YOU say I am no less fair of face
Than I was in my life's young day;
That the years have brought me a nameless grace
For the bloom they have taken away;

That my smile has a charm that you never knew
Ere the gold was sprinkled with snow,
And that I am dearer to-day to you
Than I was in the long ago.

Ah, well! I remember when all my days
Had been filled with a joy divine
For a single word of the lavish praise
That now is so freely mine;

When I would have bowed myself down at your feet,
As a slave might kneel to a king,
To have known that your life were a trace more
sweet
For the love that I only could bring.

No beauty that body or soul might wear,
But I coveted all that I knew:
I would gladly have made myself fairer than fair,
And all for the love of you.

But idly you toyed with the priceless gift
That into your life had come;
Till the lute was rent with the little rift
That should make the music dumb.

For sake of a fancied wrong or two,
Or because of a fancied slight,
You set my garden of roses to rue,
And swept the sun from my sight.

And the royal wine that was worth so much
The insensible dust drank up,
While you never dreamed that your careless touch
Had shattered the crystal cup.

For I went my way, as we women do
When the joy of the heart is slain,
And I made life even and fair and true,
Though nothing was left to gain.

There are those who deem it reward to me,
For my long-kept faith with truth,
That your love for me now should tenderer be
Than the golden love of youth.

But no hereafter can ever atone
For this, that must always be true:
I am fair for my womanhood's sake alone,
And not for the love of you.

MARJORIE MOORE.

THE HALO.

["One London dealer in birds received, when the fashion was at its height, a single consignment of thirty-two thousand dead humming-birds, and another received at one time thirty thousand aquatic birds, and three hundred thousand pairs of wings."]]

THINK what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung—
Bared just for that!

Think of the others, too,
Others and mothers, too,
Bright eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother-groan floating in air?
Hear you no little moan—birdling's despair—
Somewhere for that?

Caught 'mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world,
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled—
Women want that!

Oh! but the shame of it,
Oh! but the blame of it,
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet!
Death—and for that!

—Boston Transcript.

Home Decoration and Fancy Needlework.

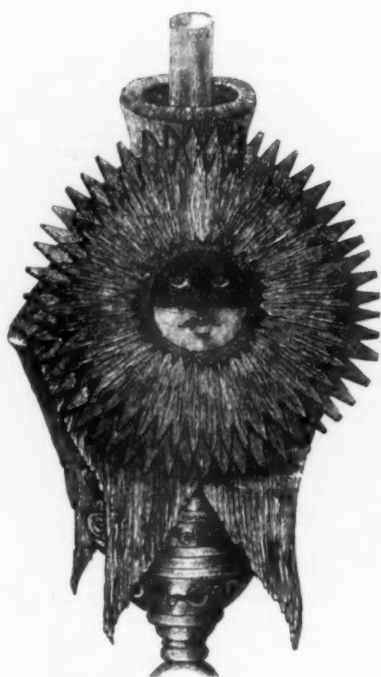
Waist Trimming with Turnover Collar.—A band one and one-eighth inches wide and sixteen and one-half inches long of cream silk mounted on stiff net gives the foundation. Round this band is put, projecting a little way beyond the upper edge, a double cross stripe of yellowish white canvas, one and three-eighths inches wide and thirty-one and one-half inches long, to which are joined the turnover collar, two and three-quarters inches wide, and the scarf ends of the vest part, consisting, like the collar, of red-brown tannine trimmed with very narrow marine-blue silk braid. Each of the scarf ends plaited two inches wide at the upper edge requires a cross stripe seven and one-quarter inches wide and eighteen and seven-eighths inches at the front edge and sloped off fifteen and three-quarters inches at the side. The scarf ends come together closely plaited at the waist.

Lamp Shades.—It cannot but afford our readers much pleasure to try and make the original lamp shades we now bring before their notice. The foundation of one of these is made of pale yellow tissue paper crushed in very small folds and laid double; it is twelve inches long by nearly eight, and then sixteen inches deep. To make the sun on the front of the shade, one first cuts out a round, dark, orange-colored, shining paper about three inches in diameter; this is stuck on to the foundation and painted with a face half hidden in a mask. The sunbeams are made with two rings of paper cut out in points about an

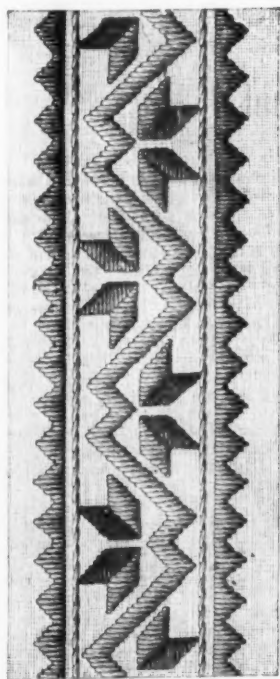
inch deep and set round in very small folds. These rings should be eight and nine and a half inches in diameter. The so-called *crape Japanese pictures* are used for the other screen, which can be arranged according to desired size of the shade in groups of four by six pictures. The side edges of the single pictures should be made to slant upward a little, and the bottom row is cut in fringe about two inches deep. To prevent the delicate materials singeing, a cardboard foundation about five inches in diameter should be fastened inside. The single pictures can be either sewn or gummed together.

Border in Satin-stitch.—This border is taken from an antique Spanish cover. The embroidery is worked on coarse yellowish linen with wood-yellow, red, and green floss-silk, but may also be executed in divided filocelle. On the border the leaves are alternately red and green mixed with yellow, while the Vandyke stripe going through is yellow, and the edge border alternately of groups of yellow and green. The design may be used for various purposes, such as toilet-cushions, covers, sachets, or small table-covers, etc., and trimmed either with a bright-colored lace or one sewn out in the colors of the embroidery.

Watch Case Ornamented with Fir Apples, etc.—The foundation of this pretty case is of thick cardboard of any desired size, but the shape seen on the illustration. In the middle is a round piece of velvet



LAMP SHADES.



BORDER IN SATIN STITCH.



WATCH CASE.



WAIST TRIMMING.

mounted on cotton wool and about one and five-eighths inches across. The edge is trimmed with wood mosaic, composed of the various productions of the woods and groves, such as small fir apples, the shells and cups of beech nuts and acorns, elm and hazel-nut catkins. With thick brown thread the single shells, etc., which must be perfectly dry, are to be sewn on the cardboard—the different materials are first cleaned in water, but the single scales of the fir apples for the ground had better be fastened on before they are quite dry—and the whole then brushed over with copal-varnish. After a small ring has been put on above to hang up the pocket and a hook for the watch below this, the back is pasted with dark brown glazed paper.

Berlin-work is coming into fashion again—that is, old-time cross-stitch work executed upon canvas. But there is a great difference between the Berlin-work fashionable before Centennial-year and the new varieties. Silk is employed as frequently as wool. Besides cross-stitch, other antique stitches, as side-stitch, leviathan, long-cross, satin, and Gobelin, are revived. The patterns for the new embroidery are purely conventional, generally imitations of old tapestries. The caricatures of flowers and other natural objects once in vogue have not reappeared, and it is to be hoped never will. So far, the chief use to which Berlin-work has been turned is to imitate Japanese designs. Red and blue embroidery, silk worked in cross stitch, is employed to copy figures from Japanese fans and the like. The outlines are made with gold thread, and gilt and silver spangles are frequently added to heighten the effect.

New Art Materials.—Heavy fabrics, as velvet, felt, plush, and the like, have almost entirely given way before the advent of lighter materials, as pongee, silk mull, China crape, and similar fabrics, upon which are now executed the daintiest creations in crewel, floss, and tinsel. These airy stuffs are often treated with Spanish or Oriental laces, and take the form of chair-searfs, tidies, and draperies of various kinds; in fact, diaphanous draperies are now arranged wherever there

is the slightest possible excuse for arranging them, without any other rule. The latest craze is to knot an embroidered sash carelessly around a flower-pot.

A beautiful pincushion was of bright, gold-colored satin, plainly made. Upon the top was laid, diagonally to the square sides of the cushion, a square of India mull, embroidered with a fairy spray of pink clovers in flowers mixed with grasses, tipped with gold, in tinsel-thread. The edges of the square were trimmed with a narrow frill of Oriental lace, and every corner was caught down upon the cushion with a gold-colored satin bow. The bows were thus in the centres of the sides of the cushion, leaving the corners of the cushion itself untrimmed.

A novel tidy is of creamy pongee silk, cut in rectangular form, embroidered in the centre with a group of red and yellow butterflies in floss, executed in outline-stitch. Around the tidy is a frill of Spanish lace, with, as a heading, a band of black velvet, held in place by red and yellow Point Russé stitches.

Tidies of common Nottingham lace are now beautified by having their figures outlined with colored flosses in chain-stitch. Sometimes a tidy is so covered with embroidery that scarcely any of the foundation appears. Wheels, flowers, and other central ornaments may be outlined with narrow ribbon, worked backward and forward, after the manner of making a daisy in ribbon-embroidery.

Piano-scarfs now often consist of plush, embroidered at the ends in irregular, simple designs in tinsel threads. In fact, tinsel-threads, in gold, silver, and bronze tints, now play a most important part in the present mode of decoration.

A large sachet, or scent-bag, for purifying the atmosphere of a room, is among the latest crazes. A silk or satin pillow—painted, embroidered, or not, the size of a pincushion—filled with sachet-powder, is fastened near the floor of a room, to the register, the leg of a centre-table, or anywhere that fancy dictates.

Fashion Department.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

NEW suits of striped goods will generally have underskirts of striped fabrics, either silk or woolen, without trimming. The same material serves for panels and revers on the tuniques and for the waist trimmings. When dresses are composed of plain goods, such as sicilienne, faille, bengaline, and "Satin de Lyon" these striped trimmings are very suitable. If the body of the dress is of fancy woolen goods, then plain velvet makes a more appropriate trimming. Woolen goods this season are beautiful, particularly those in dark shades. The shades of brown, especially seal and "suede," make very stylish worsted toilets when simply trimmed with a little "moire" or velvet. Almost all trimmings used during the autumn and winter are to be flat. Galloons and embroidered bands are most prominent among them. Skirts will have bands of velvet eight, ten, and twelve inches deep and in the color of the dress. Draperies falling straight down the back are again in favor, particularly with redingotes, panel trimmings, and large bows. Tuniques opening in redingote style will allow of many fancy pieces and a great variety of ornaments. There are already aprons covered with rows of galloon and with a kind of galloon network. A chestnut-brown worsted suit has this passamenterie

in open work in the color of the dress and worked over with gilt thread. The gilt work is very light and not too strong, as there is a piece of plain passamenterie about four inches deep between each gilt band. On either side of the apron is a panel piece arranged in three wide flat plaits. The drapery in the back is drawn together near the puff by a ring of brown and gold passamenterie. The waist has a small basque cut in squares, each square being joined by inserted faille puffings. It opens over a vest covered with brown and gilt passamenterie. The same trimming is on the collar and cuffs. The small basques just described and basques with hoops sewed around them are already to be seen on a number of dresses, and are quite an acceptable change after the much-abused pointed waists trimmed with narrow pipings and bias folds. Costumes of very fine alpaca and mohair are again in use. Their effect depends altogether on the way in which they are made and on the shade of the goods they are composed of. Mushroom-colored English alpaca and faille in the same shade make one of the most becoming of these suits. The faille skirt has a narrow plaiting of the same goods, which shows very little, as it is covered by an alpaca tunique. The front of the tunique starts from the right side in a gathered piece of goods, and is taken over to the left, where it reaches to near the lower part of the skirt. On this tunique are revers of velvet in

a darker shade of brown. These are wider above than below. The back of the tunique is draped. The jacket is open down the front and has a single button in the neck. The finely plaited satin guimpe in the color of the dress turns up on the lower part in loops, and is fastened around the waist by a narrow tied sash. Velvet is only placed on the collar of the jacket, the remainder of the garment being simply stitched around.

A very simple walking suit is of striped woolen goods and fancy galloon. The skirt is striped diagonally and plaited full to the belt. On the lower part is a galloon ten inches deep. This galloon has a rough surface. The apron of the same goods as the skirt has the stripes taken diagonally the other way. It is plaited to the belt and raised on the left side over the hip, like a revers. This raised part is bordered with a band of galloon about one-third the width of the band on the skirt. The back is draped in a puff. The stripes of the waist are also bias, the goods being taken diagonally down either side. The small pointed basque is bordered with worsted balls. A broad belt of galloon is taken around the waist and sewed in a point in front. The same galloon is taken down in a point from the seam on the shoulder and reaches to the middle of the breast. The straight collar is covered with galloon. The tight-fitting sleeves have pointed cuffs of galloon. A visiting dress for autumn wear is of reddish brown French faille and fancy bronze velvet dotted with brown. The false skirt is covered with two large panel-shaped pieces of velvet. These open in front to show a fan-shaped faille plaiting. The back of the faille skirt is arranged in large box plaits. A piece of faille is taken below the waist like a baby scarf. This scarf forms on the right side a small end turned over like a plaited loop. The faille waist closes by a false band underneath. It has double velvet revers. Revers are also taken crosswise on either side of the basque and lay over the scarf. The tailor back has two box plaits lined with velvet. The straight collar is of velvet. The tight-fitting sleeves have velvet cuffs. The capote matching this

dress is baby shape and covered with bronze velvet. Around the brim are large green beads. In front is a large metallic black-bird. The strings are of ribbon velvet with very short ends.

A very useful small garment for demi-saison wear is a pelerine with or without loose sleeves. It is often very simply trimmed, and may even be without trimming. One model has a small point in front and a loose sleeve turning over on the lower part. It is taken well into the figure in the back. The material of which it is made is a rough woolen goods, with a brown ground and red dots, and it has three rows of woolen galloon in the brown shade of the garment. Blue cloth also serves for this purpose, trimmed with narrow gilt galloon and passamenterie fringe. A seam may extend from the shoulder down, like on the sleeve of a visite. The seam opens on the bend of the arm to leave room for the hand to pass through. Some demi-saison confections are cut like traveling redingotes. They have large plaits in the back and flat ones on the sides. The coat closes down the sides under wide revers of velvet or of Astrakhan material or under draperies. Large, and usually costly, buttons are used on these garments.

There is no continual change in articles of lingerie as there is in other parts of the toilet, but some modifications, particularly in the ways of trimming undergarments, are frequently made. Chemises, for instance, are now trimmed in fichu style. They are cut, as usual, with the sole object of taking as little space as possible. The trimming may be arranged in bands of insertion, and lace is taken from the shoulder down. Inside, the lace is gathered like a fichu and crossed diagonally on the other side of the chemise in a square end. Another way of trimming these fronts is to have a lace drapery on one side only and embroidery on the other. There are also squares of fine work embroidered on the chemise proper and trimmed around to produce the effect of a fichu placed inside of a square-cut waist. Some chemises are pointed back and front, and in the open part are crosswise or lengthwise puffings, separated by tiny Valenciennes insertion.

New Publications.

Following are notes of new books to be published soon by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:

If, as some one has estimated, the average book is read by seven persons before it finds its way to a field of practical usefulness in lighting the kitchen fire, E. P. Roe must have the gigantic constituency of five million readers, for his publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., in announcing a new novel by him, say that three-quarters of a million copies in the aggregate of his stories have been sold by them, and that they have had to make new electrotype plates of *Opening a Chestnut Burr* and *Barriers Burned Away* this season, the old ones having been worn out by the many editions that have been printed from them.

The new story, which will be published immediately, will be called *An Original Belle*. The plot is laid in New York, and opens in the early days of the Civil War, reaching its culminating scenes in the riots, where the hero makes love and wins his lady's consent behind doors at which an infuriated mob is battering.

At the same time will be issued *Driven Back to Eden*, a story for young people. This has been running through *St. Nicholas*, and, when published, will be greatly amplified and will contain all the many beautiful pictures used in the magazine.

As its title indicates, it relates the affairs of a family who, tired of the restrictions of the city, take a small

farm in the country and start life afresh. As they have to make their living, the book is to a considerable degree practical. Though nominally for young people, it is a book that will be read by their elders with equal interest. It will be uniform in size, etc., with the novels.

Miss Martha Finley, whose well-known series, the *Elsie Books*, has been augmented annually by a new volume, comes forward this year with still another, called *The Two Elsie's*, Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. Since the first volume was issued, some seventeen years ago, Elsie has been carried on from childhood through life's various stages, until now the volumes deal with new generations. Apparently the young people find them of even more interest, for the demand for each new volume exceeds the last, and her publishers claim that the *Elsie Books* are now the most popular series of girls' stories issued.

Messrs. L. Prang & Co., of Boston, the well known publishers of lithographic Christmas, birthday, and other festival cards, send us the following "art notes:"

Amateur work of all kinds accompanies the growing taste for art. Home decoration, more particularly, which at one time was limited to small articles of domestic manufacture, has broadened and deepened and now includes panel and wall painting. It is not

unusual to find rooms in which all the decoration is the work of home artists. This is so well recognized that designs are executed by leading painters to serve as models for amateurs. Large panel studies, exquisite groupings of flowers, berries, ferns, and grasses, are specially prepared for lithographic reproduction with this end in view. Among Prang's publications are landscapes by the late A. F. Bellows and by J. F. Murphy, admirably adapted to this purpose.

An interesting exhibition is now at the Bosten Museum of Fine Arts. Messrs. L. Prang & Co. have set up a comparative exhibit of original water-color paintings and their chromo-lithographic reproductions, showing the remarkable perfection to which the reproductive art has been brought. A complete series of plates representing the different stages in the printing of a chromo-lithograph in twenty colors is not the least interesting part of the exhibition.

Notes and Comments.

The Temperance Movement.

PHILADELPHIA, that "City of Brotherly Love," has, within the last decade, seen more than one Centennial Anniversary—one grandly patriotic, one grandly civic, and now one no less grandly humanitarian.

One hundred years ago an eminent medical practitioner, Dr. Benjamin Rush by name, by birth a citizen of Philadelphia, backed by his vast experience of physiology and his great human heart, issued a vigorous essay, setting forth in glowing colors the horrible effects, both morally and physically, of the evils of intemperance. Not content with this, he strove, with earnest heart and busy pen, to enlist not one, but all, denominations of religion in joining and aiding him in this great work. These energetic measures were supplemented by showing forth, so far as human knowledge then went, the means whereby this growing and alarming tendency might be overcome. The outcome of this benevolent work was an organization in Massachusetts of a State Temperance Union, which has formed the nucleus of a vast network of such leagues, now extending over every State and embracing in its limits every known creed. And in this place does it seem fitting to render a tribute to one dear to all lovers of the "good cause," and who has but recently passed away; for none pressed forward to the front ranks of temperance more promptly and vigorously than the founder of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, Mr. Timothy S. Arthur, who, by pen as well as example, became a ruling power in this great cause, and whose life will ever remain in the minds of those who knew him an example to be cherished in sentiment and action.

On Wednesday, the 23d of September, of the present year, 1885, the centennial celebration of the first movement in this good work was opened at St. George's Hall, in Philadelphia. An enthusiastic gathering of people from all parts of the country, and quite regardless of denominational distinctions, combined in an expression of public sentiment that demonstrated the deep interest taken in this noble struggle of right and purity against wrong and defilement. Three hundred and forty-six delegates represented public opinion from every quarter of the United States, and such names as General Louis Wagner, Colonel George W. Bain, Reverend James M. Cleary, Miss Frances Willard, George H. Stuart, and a multitude of others, all prominent in this labor, but which want of space forbids mention.

This inauguration meeting was followed by minor ones in most of the churches and by a monster mass meeting in the Academy of Music and its neighboring Horticultural Hall on September 24th. The vast auditorium of the Academy was packed with a dense mass of humanity from floor to dome, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed—a sight which it was impossible to witness without a quickening of the blood and an earnest prayer for the fartherance of so admirable a work.

Never before in the history of the temperance struggle has there been so encouraging an outlook, and each and all should take heart to strike his or her blow at this most insidious and widespread of moral gangrenes, intemperance. When the one terrible and significant fact is borne steadily in mind, that the laboring classes of America expend five hundred millions of dollars a year in intoxicating liquors, the horribly vital importance is quite self-apparent. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," and the wind sown will inevitably bring forth the whirlwind. The laws of cause and effect are immutable, and there is no escaping from them.

Will the people of America, a country blessed by the hand of a beneficent Creator above all others, lie down captives under the yoke of a seditious slavery, or will they rise in their power, and, casting aside their fetters, claim their heritage as sons of the living God?

The Novelties Exhibition.

THE Novelties Exhibition of the Franklin Institute, which was held September and October last, was said to be the finest of the kind seen since the Centennial Exhibition. The large building at Thirty-Second and Market Streets, West Philadelphia, was filled with an interesting and costly collection of machinery, including meat-chopping, book-folding, grape-cutting and brick machines, a noiseless steam-engine, and improved type-writers and sewing-machines; china, etchings, photographs, and household utensils; pottery, textile fabrics, and embroidery; Bohemian glass, lava vases, and sculptured marble—in short, a surprising array of the various products of human industry. It seemed almost a pity that the State Fair, covering so much of the same ground, was in operation at the same time to divide the attention of the public. The Franklin Institute is doing a good work, no less than the State Agricultural Society; its

special mission seems to be to exalt the dignity of labor, and prove that this is an age of invention instead of destruction, of tools instead of swords, of peace instead of war. The exhibitions of the Institute seem to impress this upon the popular mind more and more, and entitle it to be called a powerful factor in the cause of advanced civilization.

Bryn Mawr College for Women.

THE opening of Bryn Mawr College for Women on the afternoon of September 23d, 1885, may well be considered one of the greatest events of the century. The College is, in every respect, the finest yet provided for women, with a more advanced course of study than any; but it is also the one woman's college which has met with no opposition from any quarter. Even the daily newspapers, which some years ago were accustomed to speak of higher educational schemes for women with a certain degree of flippancy, have for Bryn Mawr College only expressions of unqualified praise. President Rhoads justly says: "The field is conquered—the battle is won." Even the most prejudiced opponent of the elevation of women will be obliged now to admit that woman has at last taken her true place in history as man's equal, and that education for women has long since ceased to be an experiment.

Bryn Mawr College, on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, ten miles from Philadelphia, was founded by the late Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, of Burlington, N. J., in 1880. His sudden death deferred the opening until 1885. This opening took place with appropriate exercises. Among the speakers was James Russell Lowell.

The principal buildings are Taylor Hall, a massive structure of Port Deposit stone, with picturesque tower; Merion Hall, the residence of students, and the Gymnasium. The College grounds, containing about forty acres, occupy the summit of a commanding hill, and are surrounded by a beautiful sweep of rolling country, comprising Upper and Lower Merion Townships in Montgomery County and Radnor and Haverford Townships in Delaware County.

The examination for admission of students is similar to that required by Harvard University. No student will be admitted under the age of sixteen. The courses of studies are arranged like those of the Johns Hopkins University, in groups. The domestic arrangements of students are somewhat like those of Vassar. The College opened with thirty-six students and five fellows. Bryn Mawr is the first College for women to establish fellowships. Five of these will be awarded annually to graduates of Bryn Mawr and other colleges, entitling the holder to residence in the College, free tuition, and three hundred and fifty dollars yearly. The European fellowship entitles a graduate of Bryn Mawr College to five hundred dollars, to be applied to the expenses of one year's study in a foreign university. Four classes of students will be admitted to the College—undergraduates, special students, graduates, and hearers, the last class being women of mature years, who desire to supplement their early education by one or more advanced studies,

but who will not receive a degree. The expenses are as follows: Fee for tuition, one hundred dollars per year; board in Merion Hall, two hundred dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars per year. Three scholarships of two hundred dollars each are open to members of the Society of Friends. A students' aid fund has been established for the assistance of needy students, to which all interested are invited to contribute.

The President of the College is Dr. James E. Rhoads, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Dean of the Faculty, Miss M. Carey Thomas, Bryn Mawr, Pa. There is a Board of Trustees, composed of members of the Society of Friends. Professors and students, however, may be of any religious denomination.

The State Fair.

THE thirty-first annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society was opened at the Fair Grounds, Broad Street and Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia, on Thursday, September 24th, and lasted until October 14th, 1885. The grounds comprise an area of thirty acres and are inclosed with a high board fence. The principal buildings are the Fruit and Floral Hall, the Main Exhibition Building, and Machinery Hall, with a number of smaller structures for minor exhibits. The arrangement of the grounds and buildings are permanent, as it is proposed to hold the State Fairs in the same place for the next ten years. Thus, the residents of Pennsylvania, with visitors from other States, will have an opportunity of seeing the Centennial Exhibition repeated on a small scale for some time to come.

It is unnecessary to linger long in speaking of the clean, attractive appearance of all the buildings; of the decorations of flags, festoons of bunting, flowers, growing plants, and wreaths of evergreens; of the various displays of machinery, china, household utensils, pianos, fruit, bread, cakes, horses, cattle, and dogs; of the many industries actively represented, or of the pleasant, appreciative manners of the sight-seeing multitude. These are the familiar features of any gathering of the kind, arguing well for the energy and politeness of the American people. What will be most likely to interest our readers, particularly the great majority of women—many of them farmers' wives scattered all over our great country—is the thought of the educational value of such fairs. Books and papers may reach the distant farmhouse, miles away from any railroad station, but they cannot take the place of actual sight. A farmer's wife or daughter spending one day on the Fair Grounds learns more than she could have done in a month's reading at home.

The men of the family may have realized, for the first time, that the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society—or any other agricultural society—was doing a grand work in elevating the vocation of a farmer; they may have been particularly interested in new methods of combining science with labor and begun to look forward to the time when they, too, might show such superior stock, fruit, and vegetables as the products of their own domains. But the women may have taken in just as important thoughts—perhaps, above all, the

idea that the life of a woman upon a farm might contain far more of beauty than of drudgery. Beautiful and useful objects on every hand might teach her this, with the one great advantage that here at the Fair they were all spread before her eyes, so that she might inspect them in a very short space of time, while, otherwise, she would probably have to hunt, not very intelligently, through a large city for them.

This typical woman—one who had seldom been to a large centre of civilization, and knew only of the modern art-craze in household decoration from scraps in the newspapers—perhaps paused before a beautiful display of china, and thought that she could just as easily have something of the kind as the coarse, old-fashioned stoneware. What a pleasure, then, the homely duty of dish-washing would become with these dainty cups and plates! She could just as well afford a pretty carpet for her best parlor as an ugly one, and she saw that an upright piano was better for a small-roomed country-house than the ungainly square which she had long coveted. She would take home a few exquisite engravings and etchings to replace the gay chromos which she was already beginning to outgrow. Labor-saving devices of every kind, from patent sweeper to improved methods of cooking, would give her leisure to enjoy the new books with which she might here supply herself, or execute the elegant embroidery, for which she might procure patterns and materials. The competition of home-made costumes for prizes in dressmaking would astonish her with the taste and skill displayed by ordinary women in their own homes, and naturally suggest the query, Why could not she, also, look and dress like a lady?

This woman, if a mother or sister of children attending country schools, would also be interested in improved appliances for the school-room. She, for one, would urge it upon their Committee at home to purchase comfortable seats and desks and better charts and blackboards. Her heart would go out to the dusky children of the prairies when she saw the wonderful exhibit made by the pupils of the Lincoln Institution for Indian Boys and Girls. They were learning to read and write, to knit, sew, and weave, to dress themselves neatly, to earn their livings by various trades, and, perhaps, were advancing toward a higher civilization just as rapidly as her own or her neighbors' children were. The children, then, in whom she was interested must have still better advantages.

Through the women, as well as the men, are agricultural societies doing their best work. If women are the real home-makers, the true custodians of the future of our country, perhaps these annual fairs appeal to them even more. If the husband or father of this typical woman is too old-fogy to take kindly to improved methods, not so will be her son or younger brother, and this son's or younger brother's wife will not be like the traditional slave, the farmer's wife of olden time. The typical woman, who attended the last exhibition of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society may well believe that her newly gathered ideas, like seeds, will later produce an abundance of blossoms and fruit. Let other typical women, then, profit by her example—and let no woman miss an opportunity to attend an agricultural fair.

Publishers' Department.

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Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most cleanly of all preparations for toilet use. It is a delightful dressing for the hair, arrests the tendency to baldness, is agreeably perfumed, and is an effective remedy for all diseases of the hair or scalp. Mrs. D. N. Parks, Clio, Mich., writes: "One bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has entirely restored my hair to its natural color, and given it a beautiful, soft, silky appearance. I am fifty-seven years of age, and was quite gray. By the use of that one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the original color was perfectly restored, and I now

have as fine a head of hair as when I was sixteen." Bessie H. Bedloe, Burlington, Vt., was troubled with a disease of the scalp, which caused her hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out so freely that she scarcely dared to comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the scalp to a healthy condition, cleansed her head of dandruff, and made her hair beautifully thick and glossy. This preparation is approved and recommended by physicians.

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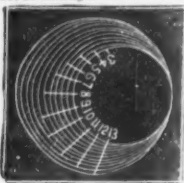
Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents the hair from falling out, or, if already fallen, will cause a new growth. E. H. Whitpatrick, Augusta, Ky., writes: "Ayer's Hair Vigor restores vitality to diseased hair. I have used it with success." W. W. Greco, Metamora, Ind., writes: "I was entirely bald. One bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor produced a fine growth of hair, which now covers my head."

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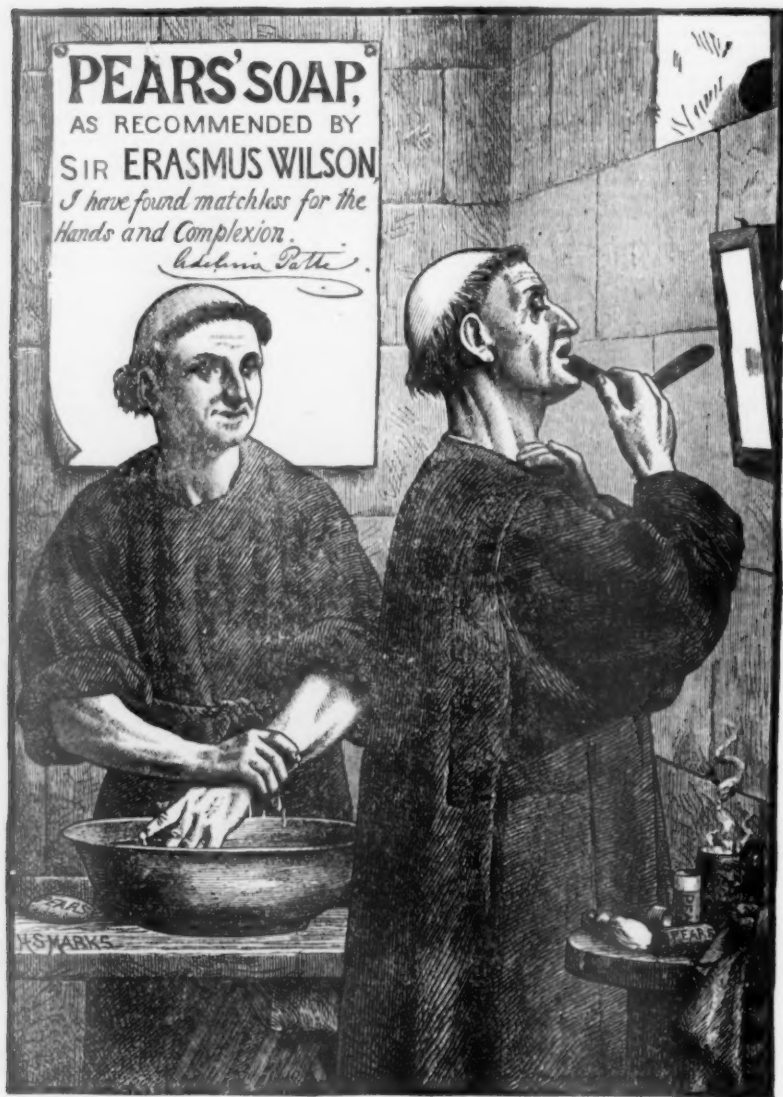
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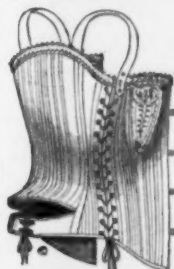
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HEARTS.

"There are two hearts, called right and left. Each heart is composed of two parts, an auricle above and a ventricle below.

"The use of the hearts is, by contracting and dilating, to receive and throw out the blood, and assist in keeping it in motion. (Their utility may be judged by comparing the amount they throw out and the number of their beats per minute. The number of beats varies according to the constitution, the age, the sex, the health, the exercise taken, and the wants of the system in any respect, the position of the body, etc. There is so much variation in cases of healthy people in the same circumstances that there should be no alarm if the heart beat uniformly slower or faster by much than the average.)

"The average heart in case of healthy men at maturity is seventy-five per minute, in women eighty in this country, as shown by many experiments. From one to three ounces of blood are thrown out at each beat or pulsation. Say one ounce only, and that the heart beats but sixty-four times per minute, and the result will be sixty-four ounces or four pounds per minute—two hundred and forty pints, or about a barrel. This labor is also accomplished by each heart. The blood is therefore coursing along with untold rapidity, and will run the circuit of the system in an almost incredibly short space of time. All this blood is exposed to the action of the air in the lungs every moment, that it may be purified and, what is still more essential, may cause the production of heat. In coursing through every part of the system, it bestows upon it life-giving nourishment and heat. The importance of the heart's action is very great, and little do the thoughtless dream of the tremendous amount of blood which is rushing through the system, driven along by the impetuous contractions of the heart, which all the life long beats on day and night, summer and winter, without ceasing for an instant, but always, in health, in precise accordance with the wants of the system, and without a moment's thought or trouble or even producing the least fatigue.

"The heart must be influenced to beat by means of the nervous system, and the connection between it and the heart must be very intimate, and whatever affects it must show itself by altering the beats of the heart. Any disease of the system will show itself in the action of the heart, which may be determined by feeling the pulse. The heart may beat very violently without any disease of the heart existing. Hence, the doctors feel the pulse not so much to know the number of the beats of the heart as the state of the nervous system that causes the beats of the heart, and many of the states of the health that other parts will exhibit. Hence, dyspepsia will produce palpitations of the heart; diseases of the lungs, the liver, and the brain will do the same. States of the mind will act through the nervous system on the heart, etc."

The above is the teaching of the best physiologists as to the heart, and little can be added to or taken away from it to give a clear understanding of what the heart is and what it does. Until within a few years the diseases of the heart and of the system were in nearly all cases reached through the stomach, for the doctors said, "We cannot, of course, reach the heart directly. How can we?"

This question, asked twenty-five years ago, was only partially answered—it was only guessed at—until the discovery of "Compound Oxygen." Drs. Starkey & Palen, the physicians who have been so successfully administering "the new remedy," answer the question by telling of their experience. They call attention to the fact that on the completion of the circuit of the system, all the blood which has been thrown out by the heart comes back to the heart by the way of the lungs. Here it finds a great field for aeration, exceeding in area the entire outer surface of the body: here, with the air, the oxygen reaches the blood. The returning blood, entering the heart invigorated, adds new vigor to that organ, and, with less effort, a greater volume is sent forward, carrying vigor and comfort through all the arteries and veins in its circuit. This is a very brief statement of the method of cure by oxygen. But a reading of the letters of patients who speak of the comfort the Treatment gave them, of the relief of heart trouble, and of the ability to sleep, after being for months or years deprived of it

by palpitation or fluttering of the heart, will be the best evidence that could be produced that the right method of cure for disease has been found in "Compound Oxygen." And the value of the statement will not be decreased by its brevity.

We give a few statements by patients as illustrating its effect upon the heart.

From a lady in North Anson, Maine: "Have been improving slowly. I find my heart does not beat and palpitate as it did before. That is what I have not been free from for twenty-one years. During all those years could not lie on my left side. Now can lie on the left and do not have any inconvenience. It seems such a relief to be free from that beating and palpitation."

From Leeds, Mass., another: "I have no long spells of palpitation, though my heart still beats uncomfortably hard or faint at times. I feel pretty well most of the time, and my spirits are superb."

A patient at Mount Ross, N. Y., writes: "My circulation is good. I do not notice any variation, as I formerly did. It is steady and regular."

From a gentleman living in the city of New York: "The action of my heart has become more gentle and regular. My dyspepsia is altogether better. I can sleep nearly all the night through without awakening, and feel refreshed when I get up in the morning. It seems wonderful that any agent could produce such wonderful results in so short a time."

From a patient in Phillipsburg, Pa.: "I feel none of my former symptoms of pain in the breast or fluttering around the heart."

From a lady of Fredonia, Ohio: "Your Treatment has done wonders for me. Have very little heart difficulty or trouble in breathing, and really feel in many respects like a new being."

From a lady of Rockford, Illinois: "I used to wish I could die—life seemed such a burden. Now it seems a blessing. When I wrote you I was run down with sore lungs and heart disease. Lately my lungs seem somewhat better, and my heart does not trouble me except when startled, or when lying on my right side, when it beats rather too fast for comfort. I feel as well and in some respects better than I ever did before taking the Oxygen."

From a patient at South Haven, Michigan: "The action of the heart was also greatly disturbed, accompanied by a dull, heavy pain. Both of these troubles ceased at once and effectually, as they have never troubled me since the first inhalation (two years ago)."

From a lady (a teacher) in Wisconsin: "To have day after day and week after week pass without one of those heart troubles, to enjoy seven or eight uninterrupted hours of sleep at night, to have a good appetite and no inconvenience of stomach troubles, to feel quite comfortable and free from pain most of the time, is happiness without alloy."

A father, writing from Pleasantville, Iowa, says: "My daughter was liable to sinking and smothering spells, also her heart would not beat regularly. Every hour or two it would stop its pulsations or feel as if it was going to stop. On the second inhalation her lung expanded to its fullest capacity, which, of course, caused great distress of body (as the chest had sunk in over her lung), but ever since she has had no symptoms of smothering. The heart pulsations are regular and she feels like a new person—is gaining rapidly in flesh. Her lung is not yet strong, but is gaining. We are truly grateful to you for rescuing her from an untimely grave."

From a young lady of Lynchburg, Va.: "Recovery has been remarkable. Action of heart is quiet and soft."

The curiosity as to what Compound Oxygen is may be gratified by any one who will take the trouble to write a postal card or letter of request to Drs. Starkey & Palen, at 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia. They publish a brochure of nearly two hundred pages, entitled, *Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results*, also monographs on asthma, catarrh, consumption, dyspepsia, hay fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc.; also, once a quarter, they issue *Health and Life*, a record of cures of patients made by the patients themselves. This publication has been issued every quarter for six years, and is a complete answer to all questions as to the virtues of Compound Oxygen. All this literature, or any part of it, will be sent, postpaid, freely to any address on application.